Just a remembrance of a
Student's "Flying Visit"
the Holiday Season of 1897
C E L

FLYING VISITS

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BY

HARRY FURNISS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

NEW YORK

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INTRODUCTION.

As these articles have appeared in *Black and White*, it is needless for me to say that my impressions are in no way colored; and although I travelled 7,000 miles in sixteen weeks to give my entertainment "The Humors of Parliament" all over the United Kingdom, and am therefore qualified perhaps to compile an elaborate work, such as *An Encyclopædic Guidebook to the British Isles*, yet I did not seek for material, but just dotted down impressions in my flight, and as such I present them to my reader, with the addition of extracts from letters to a friend at home, to whom this book is hereby dedicated.

HARRY FURNISS.

LONDON, 1892.

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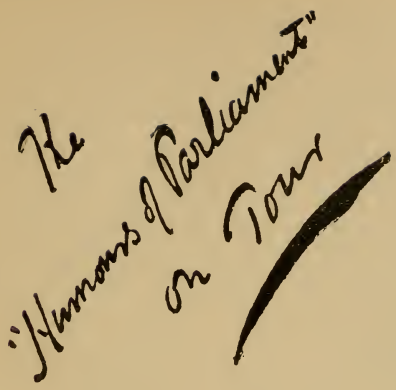
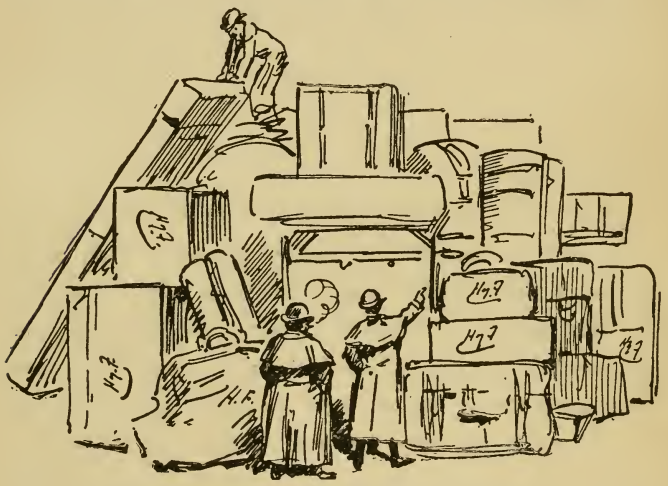


Holyhead.

My dear M.,

We are off at last on tour with "The Humors of Parliament." Leaving Euston by the Irish Mail, I was rather disappointed to find that Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Sir Richard Temple, and Mr. Joseph Chamberlain had only sent representatives to see me off, as I had a neat little speech ready with which to address them, à la *Gladstone, from the carriage window. . . . It rather amused me to read in the papers that "Harry Furniss has packed his portmanteau and is off on tour." Portmanteau indeed! You might as well say that Irving was taking his costume basket with him, Miss Terry her handbag, or George Grossmith a musical box. I believe that Mr. Irving takes a train with sixteen carriages, and of course George Grossmith's*

piano is a necessity. I only wish that I could have got the fifth part of my luggage into the space of an ordinary luggage van. Just look! You can judge for yourself. The boxes on the left contain my elaborate paraphernalia, a complete fit-up and a triple reflex combination self-acting double-riveted 400 *horse-*

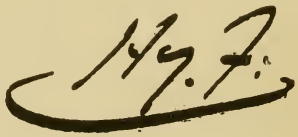


power lantern, a patent collapsing up-to-data air-tight and rain-proof studio, and a new elastic-sided electro-plated writing-case, jewelled in four places; indeed, so elaborate were my belongings that the station-master, who was of an inquisitive turn of mind, and who happened to know that I was going on tour with my show, thought that I had got most of the Mem-

bers hid away among my baggage, and that I was going to exhibit them after the fashion of a menagerie. . . . Mac, my secretary, travels with me, and I am accompanied as well by Professor C——, facile princeps *in the art of manipulating the lantern; and apart from this he is a veritable Mark Tapley. From his aspect you might take him for a High Church parson, but there is a quiet gleam in his eye which betokens the innate sense of humor he possesses. He has travelled a good deal,—been all through America, and has "done" our own provinces time after time, and many are the tales he has to tell of his adventures; but we thought it somewhat curious that in telling us when any particular incident occurred, he used as his landmarks of time, not dates, but accidents or murders which had occurred in or about the town he was speaking of at the time. . . . I must confess that I am a little nervous about this my* début *in the provinces as an independent entertainer. As you know, I have lectured a good deal in the country; but then a lecturer's audience is always assured beforehand, as he is engaged by*

some Society or Institute : but now that I have given up trying to make people wise, and endeavor instead to make them merry—in other words, now that I have abandoned lecturing in favor of entertaining,—it is a different matter, as I appeal direct to the public ; and I am told that a London success, however great, counts for very little in the country. . . . Best wishes.

Yours, etc.,



SHOW WEEK IN DUBLIN.

Across the Channel—"Davy"—His repartee to Dr. Tanner—From Kingstown to Dublin—The Horse Show—Biassed Critics—How Jupiter Jumped—And how Programmes Jump.

"DEAR dirty Dublin" was never so dear or never so dirty as when I visited it during the Horse Show, or rather Horse Fair, week. Standing on the deck of the Royal Mail steamer *Ulster*, listening to the paddles churning up the waves with their ponderous

blades, their regular beat seems to be repeating to you with a monotonous, rhythmical swing: "Cead mille failthe! Cead mille failthe! Cead mille failthe!" and you picture to yourself the artistic figure of Erin looking over lovely Dublin Bay, waiting to welcome you. In reality, the eye that awaits you is one of keen business; and the first specimen of this is the humorous twinkle, albeit with mercenary intent, of an extraordinary individual with long, matted hair, and overcoat of gigantic dimensions held "iligantly" up on one side, encircling numerous bundles of the literature of the country.

This is "Davy." The first thing he hands you as you step off the steamer at Kingstown is a little advertisement of himself in book form, in which I read the following stanza:—

> Davy hath a beaming eye;
> On all his customers it beameth;
> Everyone who passes by
> Thinks that for himself it gleameth;
> But there's an eye that's brighter far,
> And shines behind this jovial quizness,
> Leading like a guiding star,
> And that is Davy's eye for business.

It is certainly a most roguish eye, and I was rather astonished when he came up and addressed me by name.

"Shure and Oi knew yez at wants from yer porthraits in the paypurs, and Oi'm glad to wilcome yez to ould Oireland. Maybe we may meet in London some day, whin Oi dhress in the hoight of fashion, wid me frackcoat, and toi, and cane. Oi always go over for the Darby, and have a pape at the House of Commons. Now ye'll be after drawin' me porthrait, won't yez, Misther Furrniss? Ye'll not forget Davy?"

There is no doubt that Davy has a considerable fund of native Irish wit, which I have noticed is fast disappearing from his country-

men, crushed out by the latter-day rancorous party feeling and political wrangling. Perhaps the best repartee of Davy's is one related by himself, concerning Dr. Tanner.

"How's yourself, Doctor?" said Davy one evening, as the M.P. stepped ashore.

"Very well; and how are you, Davy? I see you haven't had your hair cut lately?"

"No," said Davy; "but Mr. Balfour will soon cut yours for you!"

If first impressions are everything, I wonder what impression a Saxon would get of Ireland by being received by this uncouth and unkempt individual!

It is particularly interesting to me to revisit Dublin, and I may be pardoned if I am personal for a moment, and settle a question once for all of national importance; viz., whether the writer of these lines is an Irishman or not. My father was English, my mother is Scotch, and I was born in Ireland, and lived in the country until late in my teens, when I went to England.

As a schoolboy in Dublin, of a volatile nature, and with a Robinson Crusonian disposition for exploring, I knew Dublin and its surroundings very well; and I must say that

after nearly twenty years' absence I found the "ould country" much as I left it, and this was made evident to me on our journey from Kingstown to Dublin, where I seemed to recognize the same old bottles on the beach that I pelted with stones in the days of my youth, the same old cockle-women I used to patronize, and the same old human relics of the past that used to patronize me. Indeed, John Leech's sketch of Westland Row Station, where jarveys called the Saxon tourist "Captain," "Major," or "Gineral," according to the amount of luggage he possessed, would be a fair illustration of the station of to-day.

I was disappointed on the journey up to miss a well-known porter who was for many years stationed at Blackrock. He was afterward moved to Salt Hill, but was in the habit of going along the train, calling out, "Blackrock-Salt-Hill-oi-mane! Blackrock-Salt-Hill-oi-mane!" I wonder was he there in Leech's day? But there was no mistaking the "Here y' are, Captain; this is the kyar for yez!" "Git along wid yez, shure the Major's coming to me!" "What are ye blatherin' about, isn't it the Gineral himself that's after knowin' Patsey O'Hooligan has the natest little kyar in Dublin?" and so on, until we and our luggage are rescued by an energetic porter.

It is a curious fact that in Ireland they have a propensity supposed to be peculiar to the American race; viz., "booming." We met an Irish "boomer" coming up in the train.

"Shure ye'd be afther coming over to the Harse Show, of coorse, and it's the foinest show in the wur-rld intoirely. We've three things in this counthry that can't be bate in the woide, woide wur-rld—the foinest harse show, the foinest brewery, and, in the North,

we're turnin' out the foinest ships, altho' I don't moind tellin' yez the shipbuilders ain't Oirish at all, at all, and the Harse Show is moore loike an English fair."

And, indeed, we're told from morning to night that everything in the "ould counthry" is the "foinest intoirely."

Certainly the policemen are the "foinest," but the English traveller must smile when he is told there are not finer drivers than the Irish jarveys—oh, shade of Selby!—that the Dublin shops are not to be "bate anywhere"—poor Shoolbred and Maple!—that Irishwomen are the "purtiest" in the world—what does Jersey say? But this is digression; I must leave general matters to my next chapter, and in this confine myself to the Horse Show—the great annual carnival of Dublin.

In days gone by the Horse Show was held in Kildare Street, and was a quiet, modest annual function; now it has grown to be the "foinest" and most famous Horse Show in the world, and is held at Balls Bridge, on the banks of the river Dodder, a stream flowing—no, not exactly flowing, but struggling—through stones, old worn-out kettles, bottomless saucepans, and other cast-off domestic

utensils, to say nothing of defunct domestic pets. I can well recall this secluded spot in days gone by, when it was frequented only by fishers of kettles and other articles concealed among this extensive heterogeneous collection, but now all the world and his wife patronize this district in the famous week, and multitudes of bipeds and quadrupeds mingling together fill the vast enclosures at Balls Bridge. *Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis!* But I will leave these reminiscences to the descriptive writer and moralist, and mix with the crowd, sketch-book in hand.

It is strange that, even at a Horse Show, one cannot get away from politics in Ireland, as the following conversation, which took place at the show this year, will demonstrate. There was a horse in the jumping competition named Balfour, and two ardent Nationalists were looking on as the horse cantered up to take the big stone-wall jump.

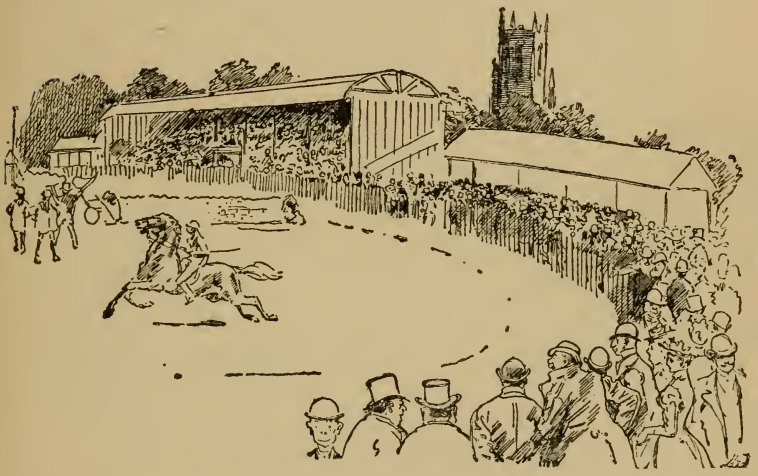
"Arrah, Moike, this horse is called Balfour, bedad!"

"Shure, he'll be no good; there's divil a bit of jumping power in him at all, at all!"

Balfour went for the difficulty, and displaced a few small stones on top.

"And wasn't Oi afther tellin' yez so? he wint at it loike his own batthering ram."

It so happened that very few horses in the competition succeeded in doing so well as



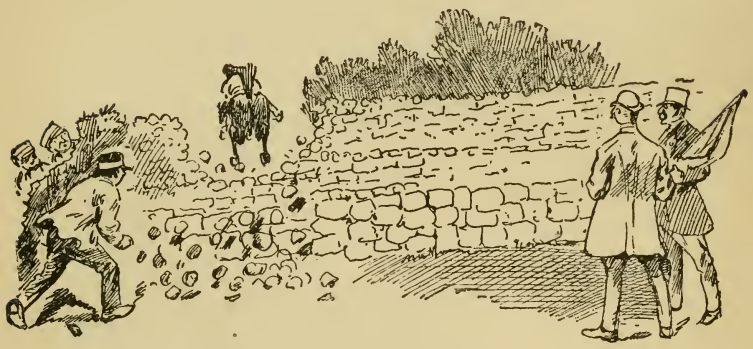
Balfour, and the horse was trotted out with two or three others to try conclusions a second time, much to the disgust of my two neighboring onlookers.

"Och, shure they'd throt him out agin ef he wasn't to lave a shtone shtandin'. Just watch him now, Moike."

The horse tucked up his legs and cleared the wall splendidly.

"Look at that now, why he's too 'cliver fur us intoirely!'"

And yet they say, when I, in my *Humors of Parliament*, introduce a question about a scarecrow, which an Irish member



suggests was mistaken purposely by the police for a native of the Emerald Isle, and shot accordingly, I am grossly exaggerating.

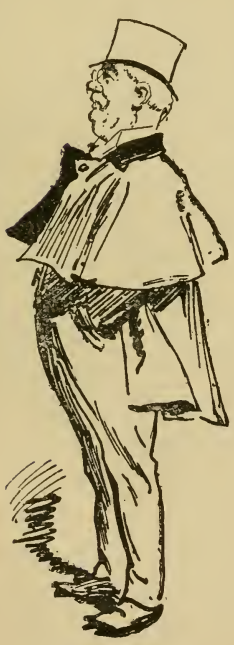
The first horse to jump on the second day was one entitled Jupiter, and belonged to a friend of mine. Whether he was purposely considerate of his fellow gee-gees, I don't

know; but he went for that wall with an evident intention not to jump it, but to knock it

down, which he in a great measure succeeded in doing, and it was interesting to note that this soft place where Jupiter jumped was

selected for all the other horses to try their prowess at.

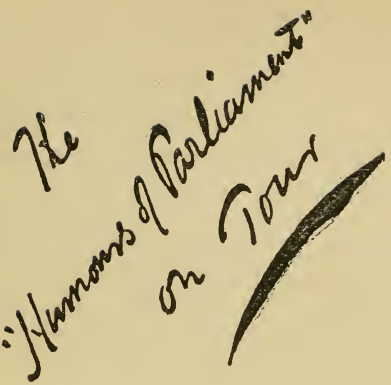
Every horse's performance was loudly greeted by an enthusiastic and fashionable crowd, who were promenading round the enclosure ankle-deep in mud. Some had taken up their positions on a seat by the wall, veritable wall-flowers, as shown by my sketch. The horsey, the clerical, the society, the juvenile, and the commercial element were all represented, and in this case placed on an equal footing for once.



The Master of the Ceremonies, Lord Rathdonnell, was conspicuous by his energy in waving two flags, red and white, in the middle of the arena. In strong con-

trast was another Lord R——, the inheritor of a famous telescope, who looked anything but a sportsman ; and the familiar figure of a retired military officer was very much *en évidence* in the ring. Some of the other ring-masters I shall give in my next chapter. I am disturbed in sketching them by a boy

calling out, "Jumping programmes ! Jumping programmes!" I asked him how a programme jumps. That boy is still considering his reply, and yet they say the Irish are sharp at repartee!



Dublin.

My dear M.,

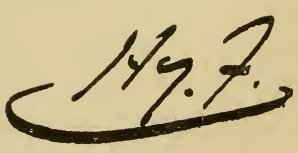
Oh, these Irish hotels! It is no wonder the English traveller keeps away from this country, preferring to spend his money elsewhere, where he can be sure of cleanliness and something he can eat. You know Mr. A——, the ardent Gladstonian, who came over here with his wife and family, instead of going on the Continent? No doubt it was the best thing he could do to show his interest in the country. He went to the principal hotel and sat down to dinner the night they arrived; but the soup was untouchable, the fish might have been fresh a month or so before he arrived, and the game—well, it was about as high as the hotel bill, and that's saying something. So, being wise in his generation, he simply took the first boat back to England. I believe Mr. A—— is a Unionist now. . . . The city is crammed, so we are at the mercy

of the hotel vampire, who is busily sucking the gold out of the unfortunate visitors' pockets. It is well we booked rooms beforehand. I had a gorgeous bedroom

allotted to me, but notwithstanding my surroundings, the first night I turned in the arms of Morpheus positively declined to enfold me. This I put down to the change of climate; but on the second night I felt as if I were in a Turkish bath, and the night after I imagined I was being baked in an extra hot oven. My temperature was at fever-heat; but in answer to all my inquiries they assured me that the kitchen fires were on the other side of the hotel. However, a friend of mine, also a visitor, who happened to be on the Health Committee, and who knew something about practical sanitation, was horrified to find me in such a vapor bath, and quickly rescued me, just as I was on the point of being cooked alive. It was then ac-

knowledged that my bedroom was right over the hotel fires. Upon this I was relegated to another room, where sleep was equally impossible, owing to the noise of the stone pavements, the tramways, and the rattling of the draughty windows. After that I was removed to some box under the stairs (I will not dignify it by the name of bedroom), and eventually, out of compassion for me, my friend vacated his room—the only habitable one in the place, I believe—in my favor. . . . As you can guess, I have not very much time for festive gatherings, but I was fortunate enough to renew acquaintance with a charming lady whom I had met during the London season, who has been very kind to us here, and with whom we spent a most enjoyable evening at her quaint and picturesque country house, at Dalkey. On Sunday I had the pleasure of dining with an old acquaintance, in the person of Dr. H——, at whose hospitable house I met the genial editor of the "Irish Times" and other delightful representative people.

Yours, etc.,



"AFTER THE HORSE SHOW'S OVER."

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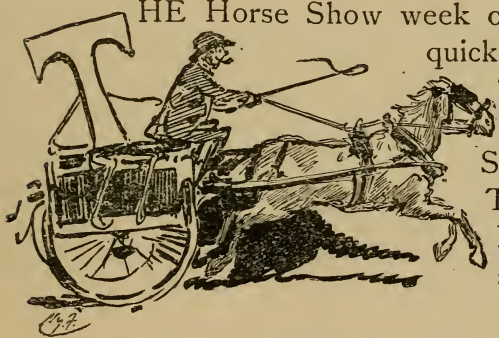


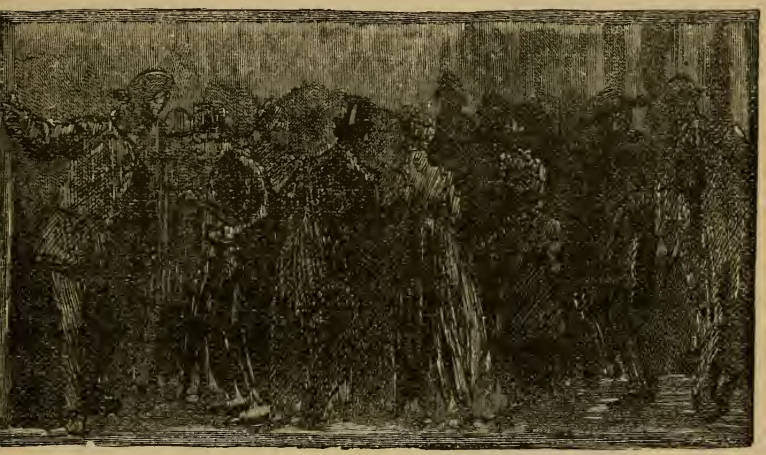
THE Horse Show week over, Dublin quickly emptied. The President of the Show, Sir Thomas Butler, whom I sketch here, umbrella in hand, is to be congratulated on the success of the Show this year. I find that on the same page of my notebook is a slight sketch of the two leading lights of Ireland. One looks like a well-to-do farmer, always jolly and rubicund; the other seems to bear a strong resemblance to the "sporting gent" in a modern drama. They are hurried notes, and

I publish them just as they were made on the spot.

It would be well for Dublin if its brilliancy were not confined to one week in the year, and the other fifty-one left in darkness; for after dusk the streets of

the city are disgracefully lighted, and what Dublin wants is a scavenger, an electrical engineer, and a wood pavior. You can't see the names of the streets, and to read an

address you have to go in search of a lamp-post, and climb halfway up to get any light from the scanty illuminations of the city, and you run the risk in doing so of tumbling down upon the good-natured priest who is standing



underneath, endeavoring to decipher the columns of the *National Press* by the light of the "gas-lamp dimly burning."

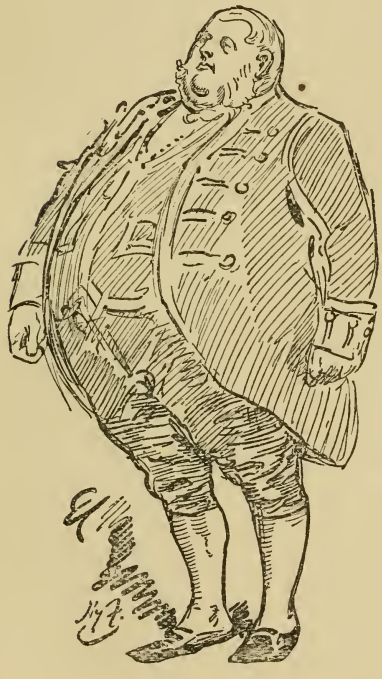
The Irish are always crying out for Liberty, but the Hibernian who said, "We don't know exactly what we want, but we mean to have it," might well be informed the Liberty they most require is the well-known firm of that

name hailing from Regent Street. It is strange that the native city of that great advocate of æstheticism, Oscar Wilde, should turn a deaf ear to the teachings of the Postlethwaitian school. The Irish, to judge from their houses, are quite devoid of all artistic taste, and it makes one shudder to see the vile decorations and furniture of the worst period of taste in the Victorian era still untouched in Ireland. In England the £30 suburban villa of the hard-worked City clerk would put to shame the arrangements in the houses of the *élite* of Ireland; in fact the chief characteristic of the Irish I may venture to say is a want of *thoroughness*. They are never thorough in anything they do, individually or collectively, and this is why they must always play second fiddle to the sister isle in the British orchestra.

For example, you go into one of the principal restaurants in Dublin: everything possible is done to pander to the taste of the lover of display and splendor. The pillars are enveloped in plush and lavishly gilt, flowering plants of various descriptions are placed on every window-ledge, huge tropical ferns, standing in beautifully-finished tubs of polished wood, resplendent with fittings of brightly burnished brass, form a perfect canopy above with their wide-spreading leaves. Everything, in fact, is on a scale magnificent enough to vie with any other establishment of the kind elsewhere; but the plush round the pillars shows a gaping seam from top to bottom, the plants in the windows are placed in old biscuit boxes wrapped round with paper, while the gorgeous tubs containing the ferns are placed upon empty rough deal wine cases.

In the Mansion House the best of banquets is provided by the best of Lord Mayors: everything is carried out to the minutest details, and the Saxon guest might almost imagine he was in the Guildhall; but the gorgeous flunkeys, with all their brilliant finery, have not taken the trouble to button

the knees of their plush breeches, and their stockings hang in wrinkles over their ankles, in contrast to Mr. White, their chief, who is known as the permanent Lord Mayor of Dublin. The banquet is gastronomically perfect, but you find a loaf of Irish bread is put by the side of your plate instead of the neat and more appetizing French roll. A well-built carriage, turned out in style, and horsed to perfection, will be awaiting you, but the coachman will have a hat green with age, and his boots will be more suited for the stable-yard. If by some odd chance the Jehu is in keeping with the equipage, probably the handle of the carriage-door has at some time



or other been broken off, and is now tied up with a bit of string. But perhaps the artistic eye should not be too severe in its criticisms of a nation whose country, above all others, stands as the typical land of hospitality.

Quite recently Dublin has been receiving the Institute of Journalists and the Chamber of Commerce; but should they ever invite the Sunday Observance Society to Ireland, I wonder what they (the S.O.S.) would say if they chanced to stroll through Phœnix Park on a Sunday morning, the time usually selected by the fiery, untamed athlete of "Ould Oireland" to work off his superfluous energy.

On entering the gates you are not solicited by poke-bonneted lasses to invest in the

War Cry or a varied selection of tracts, but extraordinary wooden instruments, which I thought were boomerangs on an enlarged scale, are offered on the hire system. And if you go a little further the whole Park seems

alive with holiday makers, more or less clad, and the air is rent with wild, ear-piercing yells peculiar to the sons of Erin; in strong contrast to the comparative quiet of Hyde Park or Hampstead Heath on a Sabbath morning, Phœnix Park is a perfect Pandemonium.

The aforesaid truculent-looking clubs turn out to be Irish hockey sticks, wielded by men

and boys clad for the most part in tatterdemalion attire. Whack! whack! whack! they drive the ball all over the field, these immense clubs whizzing round their heads like the national shillelah, and it is an extraordinary thing that among all this banging and club swinging the majority of the participants preferred to play in bare feet. As my hat was in jeopardy, I moved on, and came across a crowd of footballers, or, more properly speaking, several crowds, for there seemed to be teams spread all over the magnificent Dublin football ground, and each side consisted of close on a hundred members. My travelling companion, who is a football enthusiast himself, nearly fainted at the incongruous mixture of attire of the different players engaged in this desperate *melée*, and spent a long time looking on in the vain endeavor to fathom the mystic rules which governed this truly extraordinary game. Cricket at another point was carried on in the same original way. The batting-side gamble at cards by the side of the scorers till their turn comes to go in, and then the fielders have to wait while "Tirence" plays his hand out before he takes up his bat. The more juvenile athletes I

show in my sketch were also of the fiery untamed persuasion, and their costume and antics defy description.

The following Sunday I avoided the Park,

not because I was uninterested in the Sunday recreations of this human "ollapodrida," but because I heard that there was a political meeting in the Park, and I had had more than enough of such gatherings, so I remained in my hotel. Just when I was dressing for dinner, the more or less musical strains of approaching bands smote upon my ear, and soon music, shouting, and cheering seemed to surround the hotel. I went down, and there saw, standing in a brake and haranguing a

surging mass of people, the familiar figure of Charles Stewart Parnell. He descended from the wagon at the close of his oration, and literally fought his way into the hotel, while his admirers, who had invaded the hall, clung to his coat-tails till they were summarily ejected by the hotel servants. I am thankful

to say this is all I saw of political life in Ireland.

My travelling companion had a peculiar little experience in Dublin, which gives an insight into the absurd state of political feeling

in that city. While walking with two Dublin acquaintances over the bridge leading into the principal street, he made some casual remark about Sackville Street not having altered much of late years, whereupon the friend on his right turned upon him with :

" Shure, if it's Sackville Sthrate ye're after callin' it, it's dropping yer into the Liffey Oi'll be ! It's O'Connell Sthrate ! "

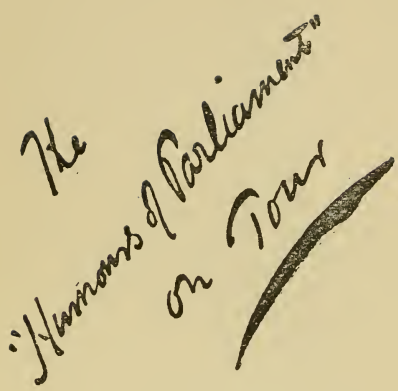
Well, as differences of opinion with an excited son of Erin are apt to be detrimental to the symmetry of one's features, and as the name was a matter of total indifference to my companion, he acquiesced, saying :

" All right, O'Connell Street it is then ! "

When the friend on his left jumped round, shillelah on high, and roared :

" Call it O'Connell Sthrate in moi prisince, bedad, and Oi'll hold yer head under the furst thram-car that comes along ! "

My perplexed companion, in this awkward dilemma, might not inaptly be termed an English rose between two Irish blackthorns !



Dublin.

My dear M.,

Thanks for the press cuttings you sent me, containing the screeching criticisms of the Irish press upon my articles in "Black and White." Of course I shall take no notice of them: I have only pity for their utter want of common sense. It is a very curious fact that the French and the Irish, who are par excellence *the jesters of Europe, frequently making themselves the butt of their own jokes, cannot stand the slightest chaff or fair criticism. I suppose it is their having this trait in common that makes Pat and Alphonse such friends. As long as you flatter an Irishman, so long will he bless you; but be frank with him, and he curses you. I think this was very neatly summed up*

by a drawing of Charles Keene's which appeared in "Punch," of an old Irishwoman soliciting alms from a local doctor.

"Won't ye give me a copper, docther dear? Thry, now, if ye haven't wan penny convanient! and may the blissid saints increase ye!"

"Stand aside, my good woman. I've nothing for you."

"Oh, thin, the Lard presarve yer eyesight, for the divil a nose ye have to mount the 'specs' upon!"

But it is a good thing that this only applies to the majority of the Irish in their own country. No one laughs more at the idiosyncrasies of his stop-at-home countryman than does the Irishman you meet in England and elsewhere; and I am proud to say that I number among my friends a great many Irish people indeed. Some of them I have met here have laughed heartily over the criticisms you sent me. . . . It is rather flattering to find the long and highly eulogistic criticisms of my performance followed by big houses, and certainly no actor has been more honored both by audiences and press notices; but then members of the profession show their cleverness in giving effect to the lines of others, and their duties are restricted to the boards. Should an actor be his own author, manager, and scene-painter, and at the same

time fill up his spare moments by practising in another profession, journalism to wit, and should he chance to be a man out of the common who treats things he sees in anything but the stodgy orthodox twaddle of the globe-trotter, he would never visit an Irish town the second time. The people pay their money to hear me as a satirist on the platform, and they expect me to wash off the critical and satirical side of my nature as soon as I leave the boards after amusing them, just as an actor washes off his paint and removes his make-up: to use their own words, "in that style which is peculiarly his own, the style which makes anyone who looks at one of his cartoons in 'Punch' feel that they know 'Harry Furniss,' he at once set the audience at their ease, making them feel in a much more increased degree that they too knew the eminent caricaturist as intimately as if they had been for years his close companion. This is the charm of Mr. Furniss's manner." "The whole aim of his work is friendly satire," and so on, and so on: and yet when I amuse my English readers with equally friendly satire on the subject of Ireland, the old woman representing the Press turns round, just as the old beggar woman did to the doctor, and anathematizes me; in the first place claiming me as an Irishman (a compliment I don't deserve), and then express-

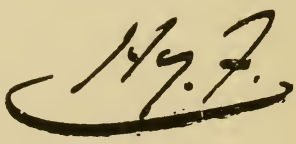
ing herself as exceedingly and sincerely sorry that Mr. Furniss's rotund little body wasn't well kicked while he was here." . . .

It is not my intention to worry you with a long letter, nor have I time to waste upon such stuff and nonsense; but were I inclined to take matters seriously, I might reply in the same vein as Shelley did when he was attacked: "When we consider who makes this accusation, and against whom, I need only rebut such an accusation by silence and a smile." But, after all, isn't it sad that such balderdash should be printed? I can tell you it highly amused me to see my portrait as painted by the penny-a-liner. Some people said I wouldn't succeed in London because I didn't come with the orthodox half-crown in my pocket, but with a substantial banking account. However, I at once got into harness with more work than I could do, or rather draw; and I have been pulling right up to the collar ever since. So much for the facts of the penny-a-"lie"-ner!

° ° ° ° ° °

The Professor has just heard a very good sample of an Irishism. His cabman, who met him by the early train, remarked to him that "It's a foine thing to git up befoore ye go out in the mornin'!" Of course everyone in Dublin during this week must in duty bound go to the Horse Show, so one day I gave the Professor a ticket. In the evening I asked him what he thought of the magnificent show. He hesitated, coughed a little, and then to my astonishment said that he hadn't been there. "Ah, well, Horse Shows are not much in my line; but I spent a very pleasant afternoon in Glasnevin Cemetery!" He also subsequently informed us that he had paid a visit to the spot where Burke and Cavendish were murdered. We are beginning to think the Professor is of a very morbid turn of mind. . . .

Yours, etc.,



ROUND BELFAST AT HIGH PRESSURE.

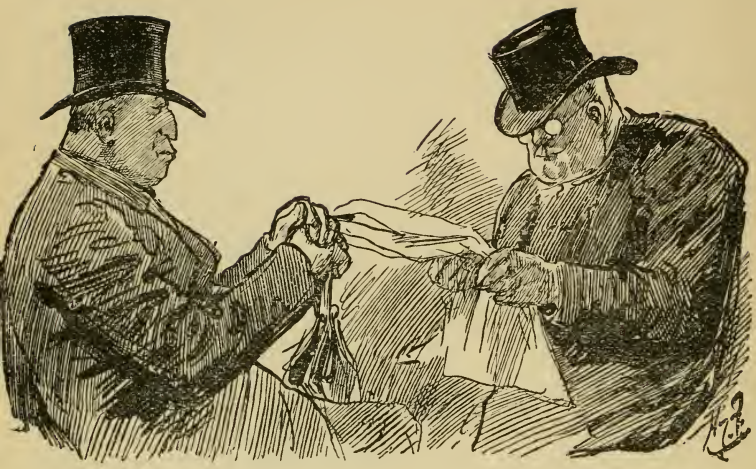
Jottings en route—The Legs of the Law—"When Constabulary's duty's to be done"—Mr. "MacMoneygle"—Off!—An Electrical Rush—Round the Town—A Mammoth Workshop—Nearly Cremated—We are frozen, baked, galvanized, hammered, planed, tarred, and varnished—"Fleshers"—"Far from the Madding Crowd"—The Spirit of Belfast.

IT is curious that a hundred miles should make such a difference in the character of a people as exists between the inhabitants of Dublin and those of Belfast. You notice the change as you travel from frivolous Dublin to money-making Belfast in the train, by means of the stranger who gets in for short journeys. For most of the distance you have the companionship of clericals of a party that now rules Irish opinion, but as you approach Belfast their places are taken by representatives of the Dissenters and Episcopalians.

The character of the people you see on the railway platforms undergoes a change; in the South we have the open-mouthed caricature of the Hibernian and an "ould lady" of the same class; an arm of the law (legs of the law, the R. I. C. might well be called, judging from the length of their nether limbs) stands at attention. Toward the North the people look keener and more well-to-do, and when "constabulary's duty's to be done" it is done in a more agreeable fashion than in the South, judging from this pretty little *tête-à-tête*, which I sketched at a station as the train stopped. Belfast is neither Irish flesh, Eng-

lish fowl, nor good Scotch herring. It is a conglomeration of various trades and nationalities, a hotch-potch thick and strong.

The cheery "Grand Juryman" welcomed us to his palatial hotel, and I spent most of my week in this comfortable hostelry, as Jupiter Pluvius, Boreas and Co. were masters of the situation, and reigned supreme out of doors. However, I managed to see a good deal of the Belfast people, and quite enough of the city. I ought to say enough of the shop and the shopkeepers, for Belfast is but a vast emporium of commerce, and its inhabitants live, move,



and have their being in the sole company of their ledgers and tapes. They all worship at the shrine of one firm, Messrs. Money, Grubber and Co.

Mr. "MacMoneygle" is the true type of the guide, philosopher, and friend, and the moment I arrived, rushed into my hotel, generously throwing himself at my disposal, and offering to pilot me through the mazy intricacies of Belfast; so, as I had only one afternoon to spare, true to the instincts of the Saxon tourist, I arranged for him to show me as much as he could of the town in that short space of time.

On the afternoon in question, a neat "janting kyar" is ready at the door to the minute; and be-

fore mounting this vehicle in the well-known Irish sideways fashion, the worthy MacM. rushes me to an adjacent jeweller's, and my eyes glitter at the sight of a gorgeous clock in the window, bearing an inscription to the effect that it was a present to the aforesaid MacM. on his wedding-day. "Only married last week," explains that individual. I congratulate him, as he shoves me up on to the car, and off we go, only to pull up the next minute opposite a splendid club-house.

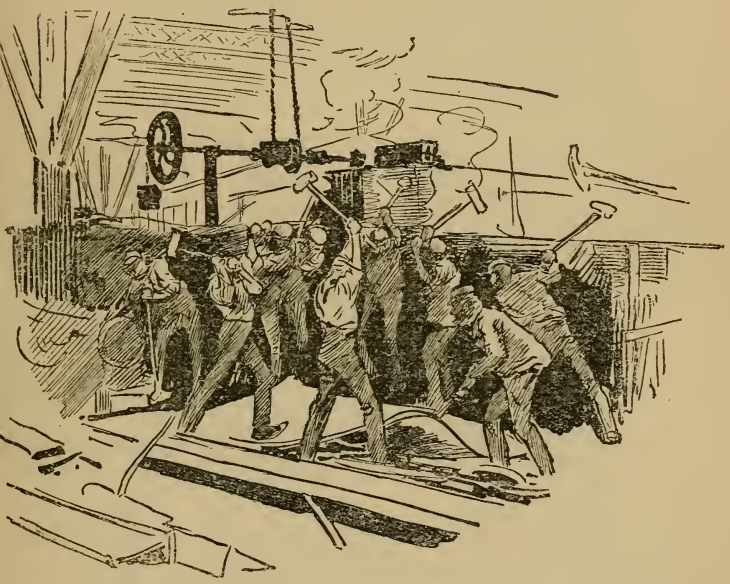
I am dragged off the car, rushed up the stairs, shown the dining-room, reading-room, smoking-room, card-room, and billiard-room without taking breath, am introduced to the president, vice-president, secretary, and committee, and finally find myself shaking hands with the waiters and hall-porters in the confusion of this electrical rush through the club. Up on the car again, and we stop before a large factory for a few moments, in which I am rapidly told the number of windows, the height of the chimneys, the quantity of employés, and the history, prospects, and a genealogical tree of every partner in the firm. I have just time to ejaculate, "Extraordinary, wonderful, how interesting!" when we are whirled off again, only to be pulled up suddenly

opposite another immense manufacturing concern. Breathlessly I take in all the details of this firm in a few seconds. "Wonderful, how very marvel——!" Jerk! I am thrown prostrate on my seat in this unwonted conveyance, as we once more dart off with lightning rapidity, and in twenty minutes I have done twenty princely establishments in this fashion, and my brain is a seething whirlpool of statistics connected with the rise or fall of each firm.

But the *pièce de résistance* has yet to come. Our headlong race against time is checked upon a bridge, and we are shown the river thronged with shipping. Vessels of all sorts, sizes, and nationalities all congregated there, huddled together like sheep; from the imposing double-funnelled steamer and the lordly brig, to the common or garden fishing-smack, all the different means of aquatic locomotion are represented, and a perfect forest of masts rises skyward, like the quills of a gigantic porcupine. To inform me of the tonnage, build, horse-power, and speed of every boat visible is the work of a moment. Then off again, and in a couple of minutes we pull up at the offices of a vast shipbuilding yard, where

the clang of hammers and the hissing of steam betokens the combination of Capital and Labor within.

We are hurriedly introduced to the courteous



manager, who sizing me up from top to toe, or, in his own phraseology, from masthead to keel, accompanies a vigorous handshake with the remark, "You look bigger on the stage, Mr. Furniss;" and, hurried on by the irrepressible MacM., takes us in tow for a tour round the

works. By a tortuous path over planks, beams, huge pieces of wrought iron and colossal bolts

and rivets, we are conducted into an immense shed, where, amid the glow from the furnaces and the flying sparks from the forges, big, swarthy smiths are wielding ponderous sledge-hammers, causing the sparks to fly out from the common centre like those of an exploding bomb. These sparks we dodge, and are hurried up a ladder to the shops where the fittings of the big Transatlantic Liners are made, through

the lofty sheds where all the surplus stock is stored, and where the cool air chills all the marrow in your bones, rapidly down another ladder, and finally come face to face with the blast furnaces.

For our edification the doors of these vast ovens are thrown open, and, in the red-hot glow in which we are suddenly bathed, we feel our hair frizz to the roots, a smell of scorched

clothes pervades the air, and the ominous cracks from our boots portend that in another minute the soles will part company with the uppers. We realize the awful fact that in five

minutes we will be cremated alive ; so before becoming sacrifices to the god of fire, we tear ourselves away from the fearful but fascinating flames. The egg-dance is undoubtedly a wonderful acrobatic feat, but it is mere child's-play to the agility we have to display in threading our way through the pieces of metal in various stages of heat that are strewn in our path.

From one busy hive of industry to another we rapidly pass, and at last, after being frozen, baked, galvanized, hammered, planed, tarred, and varnished, we emerge into the outer air, and find looming up in front of us the bare skeleton of a huge vessel, a future ocean monster, in its embryo state ; before the flesh, so to speak, is put on outside it, or the mechanism placed within.

Next to this infant is a leviathan of the same class, fully developed, ready to be launched, the Alpha and Omega of perhaps the most wonderful industry in Ireland. Our tour of inspection is complete ; we have superintended the vessel from the rough framework to the last coat of varnish ; we receive another hearty handshake and the best of wishes, as we take leave of the genial manager, our whilom guide, and still accompanied by the

faithful MacM., find ourselves at last amazed, dazed, and deafened in the street.

Once more on our wild career, we are rushed through the streets, the city of business and industry passing before us like a panorama, the while our guide rattles away like the inevitable lecturer attached to the panorama, describing everything as we go. Like a little boy on a back seat who always interrupts the lecturer, I venture to ask:

"Where is the scene of the notorious Belfast riots?"

A word to the jarvey; we rattle round a corner, up one street, down another; a sudden stop.

"There you are. That's the Police office outside of which the slaughter took place a few years ago; now we are passing though the stronghold of the Catholic party—from this bridge you see the Orange quarters as well; if you turn round you can make a sketch of both."

This done, we are off again; in half-an-hour more we are shown everything of interest remaining, and are deposited at our hotel door five minutes before our allotted time.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Furniss; glad to

have been of service to you," and the good-natured Mac departs.

Turning over the pages of my notebook, I find a mass of hieroglyphics which I myself cannot quite unravel, for we have gone through the city at an express rate which would have baffled the most electric of artists and the most fluent of writers; but one peculiar word arrests my eye—"Flesher." This uneuphonious and highly disagreeable word is used by Belfast butchers to denote their calling. If this innovation spreads in Belfast, we will no longer hear of undertakers, dentists, bakers, or milkmen—they will be corpsers, toothers, breaders, and milkers!

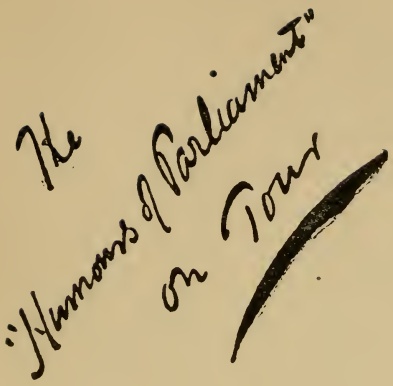
In strong contrast to the lightning guide ("lightning-conductor" I might almost call him) who showed me the Belfast of business, was my literary friend in whose company I saw the Belfast of leisure. Not far from the madding crowd runs a river which for its sylvan quietude and picturesque beauty can well compare with the lovely upper reaches of the Thames; and on its placid bosom I spent an afternoon with a well-known literary celebrity, his charming wife, and an artistic friend, with whom I discussed literature, science, and art,

interspersed with a fair amount of London society scandal, as an antidote to the conversation of the business men, or "cashers" I suppose they ought to be called, of Belfast.

The words Thackeray spoke of the Belfast people in his day had a solid foundation, for they are exemplified in the public of the present time. They are astoundingly ignorant; I am assured they read nothing, and people whose names are household words in the outer world are totally unknown in Belfast, except perhaps a person who is a star in the commer-

cial firmament, and with whom an acquaintance may tend to increase the balance at their bankers. Charles Dickens was a failure here. "Who the Dickens is he?" was the joke at the time. The joke cost nothing, so they laughed.

The pests of Belfast are the street Arabs, scantily attired, bare-footed, and unacquainted with soap, who surround you and worry you to buy those advertising mediums, penny almanacs. You throw them a copper, and a free fight in the gutter results for the possession of it. It is the spirit of the place. These ragamuffins will fight their money-grubbing way upward, till at some future day, as heads of firms, they will be continuing this sordid, miserly struggle in palatial offices: Terence, Sandy, and Bill, the erstwhile struggling combatants for my copper in the gutter, are now Messrs. Flanagan, MacPherson, and Higgins; and when under the office windows I draw pictures in colored chalks on the pavement for a living, they will pull down their office blinds and leave my proffered hat copperless on the window-sill. That is Belfast.



Belfast.

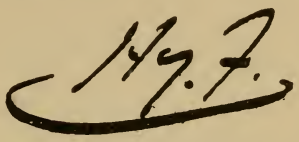
My dear M.,

I am glad you enjoy "Some Circular Notes" that I am illustrating in "Punch." They are written in X——'s best style, and no one appreciates them more than the good guide, philosopher and friend "Daubinet" himself. By the way, I did some of the drawings for them in Belfast, and Mr. "MacMoneygle" came in just as I was at work on them, and so kindly offered to take me round the town; so it was this coincidence that made me describe my pleasant experience of MacMonagle in the manner I did, calling him Mr. "MacMoneygle" in the same good spirit in which X—— christened his companion "Daubinet." Mr. "MacMoneygle" is probably not known to any great extent outside Belfast, while "Daubinet" is

known all over the world; and both he himself and his friends are delighted by X——'s humorous references to him in "Punch." Of course I thought I was paying MacMonagle a compliment; but the Press is up in arms against me, and he himself is in tears. Oh, dear! oh, dear! is it only a Presbyterian minister that can be understood in the North? I said that neither a Frenchman nor an Irishman could stand chaff, but in this parallel between "Daubinet" and Mr. "MacMoneygle" Monsieur D. scores one. Of course I wrote and explained my little joke to my good natured acquaintance, MacMonagle. The Press proved just as thin-skinned, and tried to swallow me up with columns of attack and abuse, but I simply left them to themselves, knowing as an old journalistic hand that being perfectly right in everything I said they were bound in time to contradict themselves. This they have done, as you will see by the papers I send you. Their own correspondents, whom they cannot very well contradict, have written long letters bearing me out in my statements, and I have received a number of private letters fully indorsing my views. . . . The Professor is in his element on the scene of the notorious Belfast riots; for religious, enlightened, artistic and literary Belfast must find some relaxation from its highly-refined and cultured pursuits in faction-fighting

and bloodshed. The details and statistics anent these disturbances that the Professor has collected would make your hair stand on end. . . .

Yours, etc.,



P.S.—This morning I came across the following in an English paper, which I offer to Belfast people as a text for their sermon on the "fiery Furniss," who had the astounding audacity to say that they were not a literary people.

"That gratitude is indeed but 'a lively sense of favors to come' would seem to be the moral of a recent incident in Belfast. It is said that upon opening two contribution boxes placed in the Free Library for a memorial portrait to the late Canon Grainger, who had presented a collection of antiquities to the Library worth £12,000, they were found to contain a number of pieces of blotting-paper, some free tickets for the Library, some other odds and ends, and five and twopence in coppers and small silver!"

Munificent Messrs. Money, Grubber & Co.! Where are your "cashers" now? As the Press would say, "Comment is needless!"

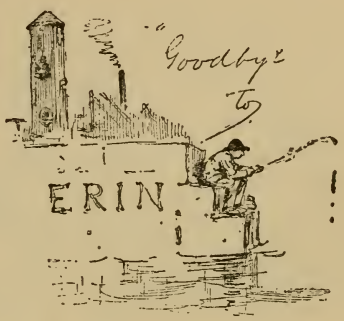
FROM LEDGERS TO LEEKS.

Counterfeit Celebrities—The Decay of Summer—"All that was left of them"—Miss Taffy's Teeth—Llandudno—Masculine Young Ladies.

CONTINUING my travels, after a fortnight's sojourn in the Emerald Isle, I left it by the North Wall route for Holyhead, at half-past nine in the morning. Although the boats of the London and North Western Railway Company are excellent, the cheap tripper is master of the situation, and it was not particularly edifying to have to witness the eccentric perambulations of gentlemen on the foredeck, who had evidently determined not to leave the

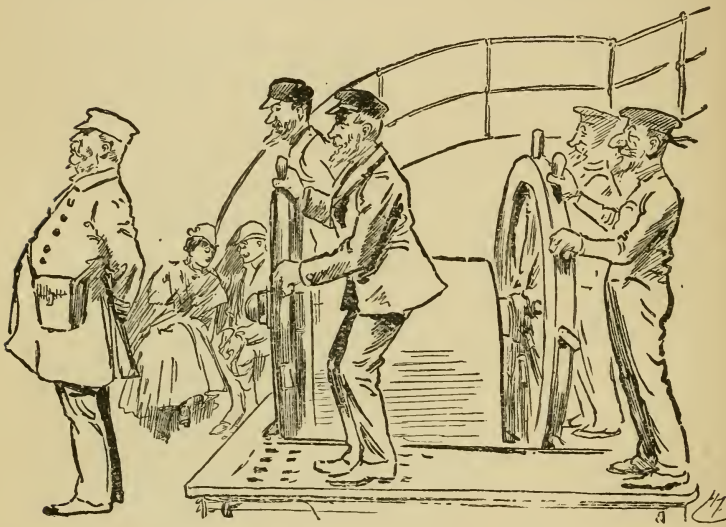
land of John Jamieson without sampling the famous national beverage.

It is curious to note, when you are travelling, the number of counterfeit presentments of notable people you meet. It was at York Station, I think, that a double of Lord Beaconsfield waited upon me in the refreshment room ; in London I have frequently been driven by a spurious Mr. Gladstone, while Sir William Harcourt once cleaned my boots at a Northern hotel : so crossing from Ireland, it was gratifying to find that the captain of the good ship *Shamrock* was a genial Colonel North, and that Sir Richard Temple was manfully doing his duty at the wheel ; and when I observed this I anxiously inquired if there were any reefs or sand-banks in our course on which he could wreck the ship in revenge for my many caricatures of him.



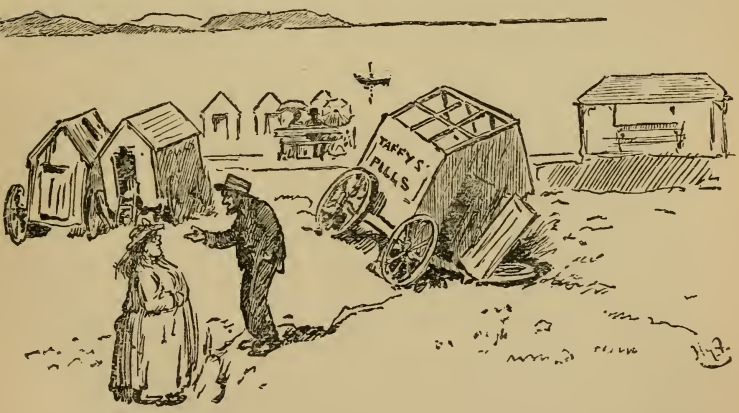
Wales, although charming, is somewhat slow, and the local trains fully uphold the

reputation of the country, as three hours were absorbed in getting to Llandudno from the time we arrived at Holyhead, a journey which



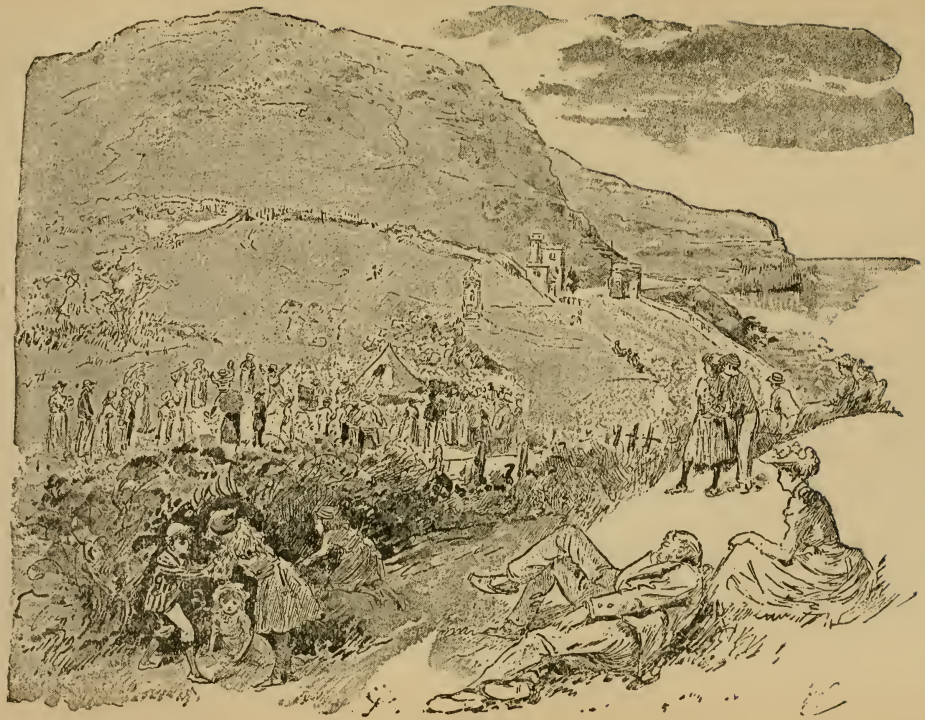
ought to be accomplished in considerably less than half that time. One is recompensed to a certain extent, as between the beautiful scenery through which one passes, and the extraordinary names of the quaint little stations along the line, there is no lack of entertainment on the journey for the traveller, whether his strong sense be either of the sublime or the ridiculous. Skirting the picturesque coast one gets glimpses

of very pretty little seaside places, with very ugly and big names. Families are waiting at the stations, and the inevitable pile of trunks, bandboxes, perambulators and birdcages mutely testify that the end of the season is near at hand, and the time is not far off when the hotel-keepers and landladies must garner up the rich harvest they have reaped during the summer to keep the pot boiling till the new crop of visitors arrives in the spring. The erratic rows of broken-down bathing-machines



along the coast—all that were left of the noble 600, more or less—bore mournful testimony to the decay of summer. The journey from London to Llandudno is fearfully tedious, as

in the tourist season, the only time of the year when anyone wants to get there, the fast trains rush through without stopping, so it is not surprising that most of the visitors speak with a north-country accent. Although the natives are supposed to be the mildest and most inoffensive people imaginable, they are continually showing their teeth. It is curious to note the number of people with unfortunate dental malformations ; I have seen many a pretty Welsh face spoilt by this deformity. Llandudno was our destination, and I found it like all other British watering-places, dear and dull, ruled over in the daytime by a cork-blacked band of cockney minstrels, Punch and Judy, and that very common object, the ubiquitous seaside missionary, the psalm-singer of the shingles ; and at night at the invitation of Riviére they come to do homage at the shrine of music, admission 6d., including a pot-boiling picture show, marionettes and minstrels, and

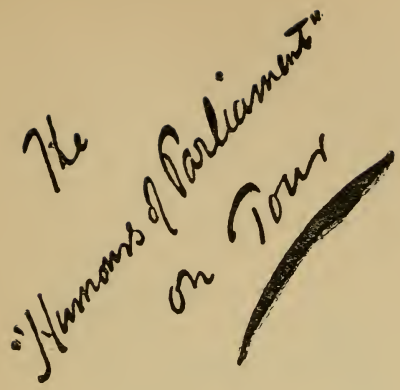


an exhibition of performing fleas. These latter, I may remark, confine themselves to performing on the pier at Llandudno. The hotels are excellent, the scenery grand, and the weather when I was there was simply perfect. What more could be required for the young and overworked? Ireland and Wales are becoming very modernized. The traveller who, after having looked fruitlessly under the table for the traditional pig, has come to Wales, is disappointed to find that the handmaiden who brings him his matutinal hot water does not wear the national high stove-pipe hat, and that Davy Jones, the boots, does not warble sweet Welsh melodies while he polishes your shoes. That is only heard at the national Eisteddfodd. The only music I heard came from the drawing-room underneath my room —the twang was that of a Cockney and the song one of Coburn's.

It has always struck me that young girls at the sea-side seem more in harmony with the place and far more at home than young men, who seem in eccentricity of costume to try to rival the "get-up" of the niggers. At Llandudno there was more than the average number of pretty, fresh-looking young girls, but some

of their elders must have been shocked at the affectation and masculine swagger which they evidently thought it was "the thing" to assume, in strong contrast to the effeminacy of a certain type of young men, the languid swell of the drawing-room, who even at the seaside makes a parade of his affected *ennui*. Discarding the once favorite parasol, the Llandudno young lady of to-day arms herself with a good stout walking-stick, which she carelessly swings as she whistles a popular tune, to the personal detriment of the maiden lady who, with horror-stricken face is walking behind her, and thinking of the prim decorum with which the crinolined young lady of *her* day was taught to behave. I even noticed that some of these fair visitors, to complete the masculinity of

their appearance, were accompanied on their strolls by a couple of fox-terriers! As each specimen of this species approached, I looked anxiously but in vain for a straw in her mouth, and a sporting paper in her hand; these, no doubt, are in reserve for next year's fashion.

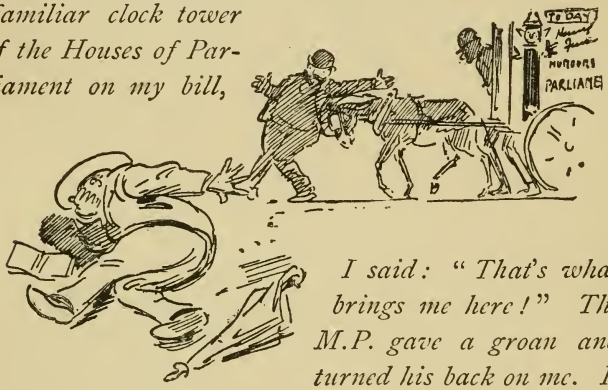


Llandudno.

My dear M.,

The thermometer is a hundred and something in the shade here, and I feel as warm as I did when inspecting the furnaces at Harland and Wolff's. However, I mustn't grumble; I daresay you have it hotter still down south. After the wretched weather we have been having, no one appreciates the quick change more than myself, and a few moments after arriving here I was out on the front, basking in the glorious sunshine. Barometer high, my spirits ditto. I had only been out a few minutes when I spotted, sprawling on the shingle with his arms under his head, the erstwhile energetic Sir X——, M.P. (you remember we met him up the river that day the lunch-boat was lost up a backwater). He greeted me with: "Hallo! what brings you *here?" At that moment a donkey came along, drawing an erection covered over with bills announcing my entertainment, and as the*

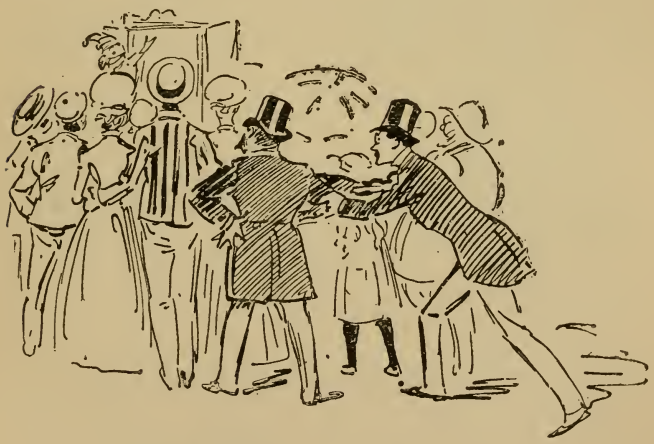
man in charge was behind the conveyance mopping his manly brow, he (the donkey, not the man) marched right into the small of my back, regardless of consequences. When I had recovered from the shock I gathered myself together, and pointing to the familiar clock tower of the Houses of Parliament on my bill,



I said: "That's what brings me here!" The M.P. gave a groan and turned his back on me. It was the last place in the world he wanted to be reminded of during his well earned repose.

The next thing to attract my attention was a small boy on the beach, who was unconcernedly making paper boats out of my handbills, and letting them drift out to sea! Mac turned up just then, and his usually lively spirits seemed to be at zero. I pointed out to him my handbills floating away, but instead of bursting into indignation, he said: "It will be just as much use to the fishes as to the people here, for what sane being wants to hear a heated Parliamentary debate on a tropical afternoon like this? Our agent

tells me that they have tried a matinée here once or twice before, but although they opened the doors to their widest extent, not a soul came in! That reminds me that it's time you went and dressed. I did so, and for the first time it occurred to me how ridiculous a man looks on a glorious sunny day at the seaside, rigged out in a black frock-coat and a tall hat, the orthodox matinée dress; and as I emerged from the hotel in this attire, the sight of the rest of the visitors lounging about in their free-and-easy flannels was as gall and wormwood to me. . . .



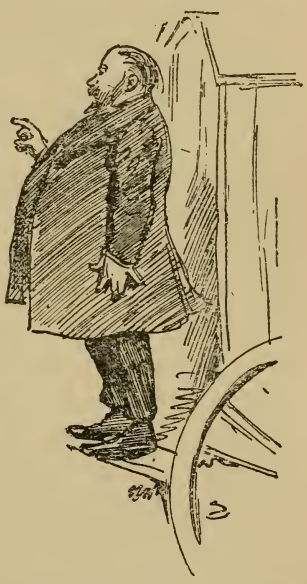
Strolling along the front on my way to the hall, I unconsciously attached myself to the tail of a small but interested crowd, who were being entertained by the antics of Punch and Judy. I pitied the poor man sti-

fling inside his show, quite oblivious of the fact that I would have to manipulate my Parliamentary puppets in a few minutes; and I was laughing quite as loudly as any of the spectators, when I heard: "Come along, do!" at my elbow; and Mac, who had been hunting for me up and down, and was hot and breathless, took me in charge, and bore me off to the hall, where I was flattered to find that a small but select audience awaited me. I suppose most of them had served their time in India or some other hot climate, for the place was like a Dutch oven.

Of course we had our evenings disengaged, and seeing by an advertisement that there was to be a Beauty

Show at a circus, we made our way there after dinner, anxious to see if the Welsh beauties looked as well

by gaslight as they did in the sun; besides, I have rather a predilection for circuses, as you know. The ringmaster placed five chairs in the middle of the tan, and called upon the beauty of Llandudno to come out and show itself, offering by way of inducement a silver watch, which was to become the property of the winner, and which had been advertised all over the town for the last week. This was evidently not sufficient temptation to the beauty of Llandudno, for none was forthcoming. As a stranger, I might have thought that the place was singularly destitute of female loveliness, had I not gone on the pier the next evening, when, had a competition been organized, the judges would have had a difficult task to "spot the winner." . . .



Next time I come here I will give my entertainment from the door of a bathing-machine on the beach, if the weather is as tropical as it is now; and so that the natives can understand me, I will give it in their own tongue. Fancy the "Member for Borcdom" ad-

dressing the House in Welsh! Here's a part of his speech in English:

"Yes, sir, I repeat, I have traversed this gigantic subject from the earliest use of this adhesive substance, when sticking-plaster was not a subject to jeopardize a Ministry, nor a surgical appliance the lever used with which to overthrow a Government; and I venture to prophesy that when the prospective New Zealander whom the historian has imagined will be treading the ruins of this House, that the rancorous wound—I repeat, rancorous wound—now caused by party strife through this momentous question, will be healed,—healed by the use of black sticking-plaster, and not by white sticking-plaster; and that thus the awful warnings I have foreshadowed during the last two hours will prove the means of having saved from destruction this great and glorious country!"

Could you imagine my delivering the same passage in Welsh, inteet to gootness! Here it is:

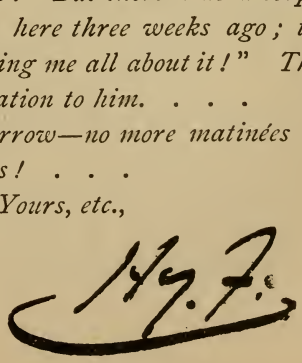
"Je, syr, ailddwedaf, yr wyf wedi chwilio a chwalu y pwnc auferth hwn o adeg forenaf defuyddiad y sylwedd ymlynol hwn, pan nad oedd sticing-plaster, yu bwnc i beryglu Gweinyddiaeth, nac yu offeyrn meddygol, gyda trosval y hwn y dymchwel ir llywodraeth, ac yr wyf yu beiddio prophwydo pan y bydd ir rhagwelgar New Zealander yr hwn y mae yr hanesydd wedi ddychmygu wna drvedio ar adfeilion y ty hwn, bydd y briw llidiog—ailddywedaf—briw llidiogf yu

awr achoswyd gau genfigen plaid drwy y cwestiwn pwysfawr hwn wedi ei wella, ei wella drwy ddefuyddio sticing-plaster du, ac nid sticing-plaster gwyni ac felly bydd y rhybuddion ofnadwy wyfwedi raggysgod, yu ystod y ddwy awr ddiweddaf wedi profi yu gyfrwng i achub rhag dinystyr y wlad fawreddog a cheodfawr hon!"

I was meditating on the euphoniousness of the Welsh language as I walked up the hill overlooking the bay, when I was struck by the beautiful effect of the sunlight on the deep blue of the water, and wondering at the likeness of the whole scene to the Bay of Naples, when my artistic musings were disturbed by the voice of the Professor greeting me as he descended the narrow path. He wore an injured air, and explained to me more in sorrow than in anger that he had paid twopence to view the Camera Obscura at the top of the hill, but there wasn't a single cemetery to be seen in the whole district. Then, with a sigh: "They must be a healthy lot about here! But there was a corpse washed up not far from here three weeks ago; the coastguard's just been telling me all about it!" This was evidently some consolation to him. . . .

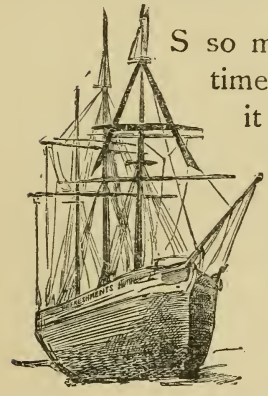
Off to Southport to-morrow—no more matinées at the seaside, thank goodness! . . .

Yours, etc.,



SOUTHPORT-ON-SAND.

The Sahara of Lancashire—An Artificial Seaside—The Fair on the Sands—The Wreck of the "William Fisher"—A Gigantic Centipede—Dry Land Sailing—A Family Photo—The New Theatre.



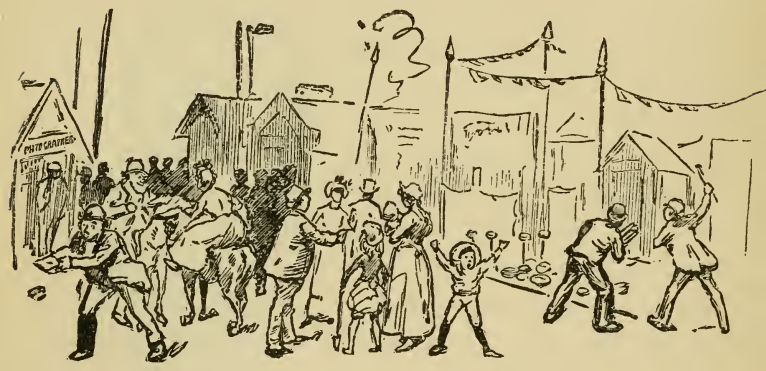
AS so much has been written from time to time about Southport, it is unnecessary for me to dwell, as I otherwise should do, on the beauties of the place, its splendid buildings and spacious streets; instead I will mingle with the crowd, and endeavor to give you some sketches of character and incident.

I am sure that the good-natured, joke-loving Lancastrians are not so sensitive and thin-skinned as to resent friendly, well-meant chaff, and to rise up in arms against a humorous and good-natured criticism. All of us, no doubt, with the weakness of human nature, are fond of criticising ourselves from our own point

of view; but we must sometimes see ourselves as others see us.

To all appearance Southport, although beloved of visitors—judging from the vast number of holiday-makers and seekers of health who come to revel in its life-giving atmosphere — does not quite hit it off with the author of its being — the sea; for the Irish Channel has for years been receding from the imposing "front," and is now separated from it by a vast expanse of sand, which might well be called the Sahara of Lancashire. But the inhabitants, seeing their chances of boating and bathing becoming small by degrees and beautifully less, and unwilling to lose their ocean, have constructed a lake by the esplanade, into which they have brought the erring sea through the medium of pipes, determined at all costs to have a seaside, whether natural or artificial. Here the cheap tripper loves to disport himself in the very

cockleshellest of pleasure boats, frantically urging the frail craft on its devious course with uncertain stroke, heedless of the strict injunction placed on boards round the lake, "Boats keep to the right." However, as the water is only four feet deep, these erratic mariners are not so very much to be feared.



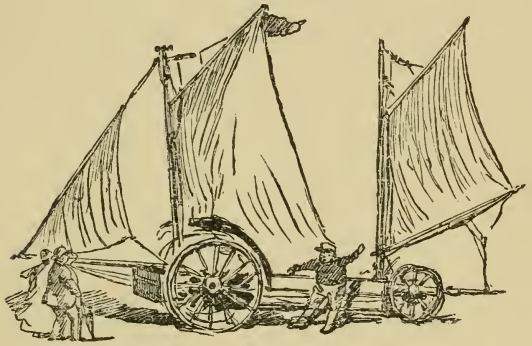
The "dry-bobs," who do not care about trusting themselves on the bosom of the vasty deep, find a varied assortment of amusement presented by the fair on the sands. Solicitous photographers, "Try your weight!" "Try your height!" "Try your strength!" try your temper; switchbacks, swings, roundabouts, cocoanut shies, and every conceivable item that

seems essential to the happiness of the excursionist are to be found here; and beach artists and photographers are as plentiful as grasshoppers—sandhoppers, I should say.

The first object to attract the visitor's attention is, strange to say, a ship. In the distance you see what you imagine is the name "writ large" on the bulwarks. Raising your glass to decipher the name, you read "Refreshments." This is the good ship *William Fisher*, whose captain, evidently of an inquiring turn of mind, one fine day, or one stormy night, I forget which, ventured to approach too close to the shore and found himself fast on the ground. Resolving to wait for the next flood-tide, he turned in, and when he woke in the morning he found his ship high and dry on the sands. This was two years ago, and that flood-tide has never come; but the ship has since been bought up by an enterprising contractor, and now, under the cognomen of "The Sands Museum and Refreshment Rooms," does a thriving business—admission 2d.

The pier, gradually extended to keep pace with the ever-receding sea, has now attained an enormous length, stretching itself like a

gigantic centipede across the waste of sand between the sea and the shore. To traverse this is quite a journey by the tram, which has been constructed for the convenience of visitors, and runs the whole length of the pier. If

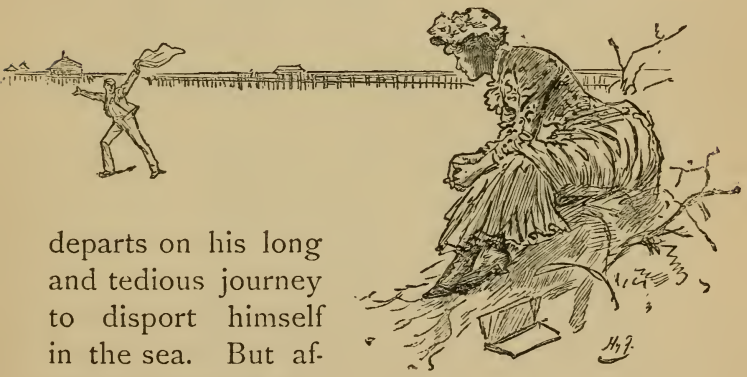


matters go on like this, one may expect to see Southport's splendid pier become a bridge between the coast of Lancashire and the Isle of Man.

But perhaps the most unique feature of Southport is "dry-land sailing." This is accomplished through the medium of yachts, the masts of which spring from a coffin-shaped hull mounted on four wheels. In these the visitor may sail through space undeterred by visions of the perils and qualms of the deep,

and the only rocks to be feared are the nursemaids with perambulators or the seaside donkeys.

The bathing machines are few and far between, and are to be discerned far off on the horizon like scattered dots; and Jack, leaving his chosen one on the banks of the Marine Park, bids her a fond adieu as he



departs on his long and tedious journey to disport himself in the sea. But after all, the lake is the great attraction, and the boat-owners do good business; so also do the photographers, who ply their trade on the banks, and when you come across a boat close in shore containing a motionless family group, their faces pervaded with an angelic smile, you have not far to look for the camera. The lake

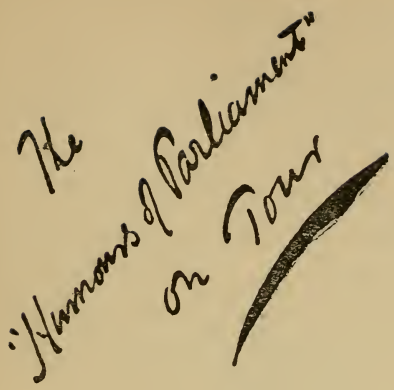
is a busy hive of pleasure-seekers, and perhaps the happiest of all are the groups of laughing, bare-legged little children who throng the banks, indulging in that ever popular juvenile pastime, paddling. Here and there on the sands are sundry boards bearing notices which have long since fulfilled their mission, and with the ther-

mometer at 80° in the shade you are informed that the ice is unsafe and will not bear, when the very mention of ice makes your parched, sand-baked mouth water.

Excavations are being carried on with the purpose of making another Marine Lake, in which the promenaders on the Esplanade take the liveliest interest, although at its present stage the work looks rather unsightly. Still

the undertaking is a gigantic one, and worthy of the master hand of Lesseps himself.

One would have thought the inhabitants of Southport, with their magnificent Winter Gardens, desired nothing more in the way of amusement resorts, but in the week I happened to be there a splendid new theatre (attached to the Winter Gardens) was opened with great *éclât*. Beautifully upholstered, lavishly decorated, and brilliantly illuminated, Southport theatre is qualified to stand in the very front rank, and the inhabitants are to be congratulated on the possession of such a fine building. But if I continue in this strain I shall lapse into the familiar eulogistic guide-book style, which I strenuously endeavor to avoid, though in this case I could not omit the meed of praise.



Southport.

My dear M.,

Any port in a storm—but Southport. You will see what I mean if you read my article in "Black and White." If you sailed within two miles or so of the land, your yacht, or whatever your vessel might be, would be left dry, if not high, on the sands, and would be converted into a refreshment bar, or museum, or have swings from the masts, or be utilized for one of the thousand and one contrivances for the recreation of the holiday-making Lancashire lads and lasses which I show in my drawing of Southport in "Punch." This latter I did from the window of my room in the hotel overlooking this festive scene. . . .

After two days here we summed up our courage, determined to outdo all previous explorers of deserts, and ventured across the trackless wastes of sand that

stretch between Southport and the sea. I left a letter on the hotel table to be forwarded to you in case I never returned, and we took a touching farewell of the Professor, who declined to leave his seat on the front, as he had just been sent a copy of the "Newgate Calendar" as a birthday present; besides, he thought there might be a chance of forming one of an exploring party afterward, and feasting his eyes upon the spectacle of our two skeletons bleaching in the sun.

We fully realized the hazardous nature of our undertaking, so we provisioned and armed ourselves accordingly. We took with us—

1. *Two boxes of meat tablets. (We took these on the strength of the advertisement, which assured us that one of them would keep a family alive for a month.)*
2. *One machine for distilling fresh water from salt water.*
3. *One mariner's compass.*
4. *One map of the world.*
5. *One patent tent, which could be used also as an umbrella, a camp-stool, or a mosquito net.*
6. *Three dictionaries of foreign languages.*
7. *One medicine chest.*
8. *One Winchester repeater each, in case we used up the meat tablets, or that advertisement about*

them should be an unscrupulous lie, which would compel us to depend on our guns for our dinners.

Thus equipped, we sallied forth, and after two days' march we reached the end of the pier. Here we made

a careful observation by means of the sun and the compass, and decided to strike out westward. After marching steadily on for some time, we came across what looked in the distance like a small pile of skeletons, and we shuddered to think that they were all that remained of some former foolhardy explorers, and trembled for our own fate. However, on closer inspection,

they proved to be the remains of a bathing-machine. I examined them, and gave it as my opinion that the machine was of Ancient British manufacture, and that probably our primeval ancestors used it when the sea was a few miles further in than at present; but Mac brought his scientific knowledge to bear, and said No, that it was of the Roman period, and that, from the appearance of the rust on the wheels, it had never been near salt water; so we came to the conclusion that it must have broken down on the way to the sea, and had remained there ever since. Besides, Mac found close by, half buried in the sand, a bone, which he was sure, from the formation, was that of a bathing machine horse; so it seemed to point out that our theory was correct.

Before we were quite out of sight of land we took careful note of some landmarks—an old boot, an empty beer bottle, a tinned beef can, and other "common objects of the seashore." We came across a footmark—one *footmark! How it was there was only one, at first puzzled us considerably. Robinson Crusoe himself was startled by seeing a footmark, and it was not a single one; but in our case we could see no trace of a second, so we decided that we would not be honored by a savage appearing and kissing our feet, but that someone had dropped an old boot from a balloon, and*

that it had been picked up and carried off by some jackdaw that kept a collection of odds and ends.

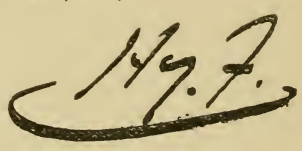
The rest of our journey was uneventful, except that hunger came upon us, and we finished the meat tablets in a few mouthfuls, and were reduced to staying the pangs of hunger with the contents of the medicine chest. That advertisement is an infamous lie! The meal we made off the medicine chest had a stupefying effect, which incapacitated us from further endeavors to explore the Lancastrian Sahara; so we made another observation, and directed our weary footsteps to the Promenade, arriving just in time to dress for the entertainment in the evening.

. . . . . .

Nice appreciative audience, thanks to the energetic local manager, whose hands are always full with dramatic performances, but especially just at present, as the new theatre has only been opened this week. The large Winter Gardens are typical of Southport; for within their precincts all the indoor amusements of the place are concentrated. In the new theatre just mentioned Miss Kate Vaughan and company were playing in "The Dancing Girl," yours truly entertained the inhabitants with "The Humors of Parliament" in the Pavilion Theatre, a promenade concert

was being held in the large conservatory, while a circus was doing good business in the grounds. I think that next time I come to Southport I will deliver a recitation in my entertainment, entitled "Through Sandiest Southport; or, How I Found the Sea." Mac will appear as "Little Sandy" in the circus, while the Professor will impersonate the villain in "The Murder in the Red Barn" at the new theatre. . . .

Yours, etc.,



THE BRIGHTON OF THE NORTH.

The Spa and its Manager—A Contrast—The Jockey Postilions—A Sketch after Leech—Familiar Figures on the Spa—The Wielder of the Bâton—A Band of Undertakers—The Visitors' Daily Programme.

SCARBOROUGH at different times has been called Escadeburgh, Scearburg, and Scardeburgh. It is a wonder it has never been christened Spaborough, for the Spa is the chief feature of the place, and Mr. Francis

Goodricke, whose portrait I give here, the well-known manager of the Spa, is the chief person. A more

striking contrast than Scarborough and Southport can hardly be imagined. Flatness in the first-named place is unknown. Steep precipitous cliffs rear up their rugged heads on either side; in place of the long spider-like pier, there is a short, solid stone one; the sea, instead of being far away out, beats against the promenade, and frequently dashes over it; and the class of visitors is of a different tone altogether. Scarborough is well known as the Brighton of the North; Southport, I should say, is the Ramsgate.

Materfamilias is popularly supposed to go to the seaside with her bevy of daughters with much the same intentions as a farmer takes his little flock of lambs to the market—to dispose of them to the highest bidder; and the stranger, arriving at Scarborough for the

first time, and meditating upon this point, would doubtless think that here the market is in a flourishing state indeed, for there is a gala-like appearance given to the

streets by the equipages darting about in all directions—the horses all bestridden by postilions clad in jockeys' costumes of all colors of the rainbow. I well recollect that some of John Leech's happiest sketches were done in Scarborough, and that choice picture of his of the portly invalid in the pony-carriage, saying, "Now these postilions never seem to be unwell! Upon my word, I verily believe if I were to change places with that little chap I should be ever so much better!" still lingers in my memory; but I had an idea that these postilions had vanished since Leech's day, an idea that was soon dispelled when I arrived

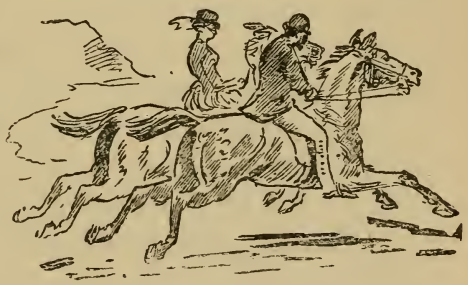
at Scarborough to find such numbers of them flitting about. I saw a corpulent Jehu slumbering upon his box-seat, and made a sketch of him—perchance this stout, middle-aged individual was himself the diminutive postilion of Leech's sketch!

But if the jockeys remain, the old Spa of those times has disappeared, with its crinolines and Dundreary whiskers, and Phœnix-like there has arisen from its ashes the present noble structure; and in place of Leech, Sothern, and other contemporaries who frequented this charming watering-place, and whiled away the hours with *Bell's Life* and *Harry Lorrequer*, we now find familiar figures on the Spa reading *Black and White* and Rudyard Kipling's latest. Lord Londesborough may be seen chatting with Sir George Wombwell about Mr. Blundell Maple's recent big purchase of Common, in the hearing of the Jubilee Plunger; Lady Ida Sitwell is pensively contemplating the sea—I refrain

from reperpetrating the worn-out joke to the effect that her husband would "sit well" again for Scarborough, but agree with the spirit of it. Mr. James Payn is there "takkin' notes," and our dear old friend Toole is fortifying himself with some fresh air for the arduous undertaking of amusing the public in the evening at the pretty little Spa Theatre. But throughout the season, year after year, no figure is better known than the portly one belonging to Herr Meyer Lutz, the popular and talented wielder of the bâton at the Gaiety. One "comic man of a paper"—to quote the Belfast press—seeing Mr. Lutz and his merry band seated in the stand all with tall hats on, remarked that they looked like so many undertakers; and really it is impossible to find a better simile than Mr. George R. Sims has done for the funny

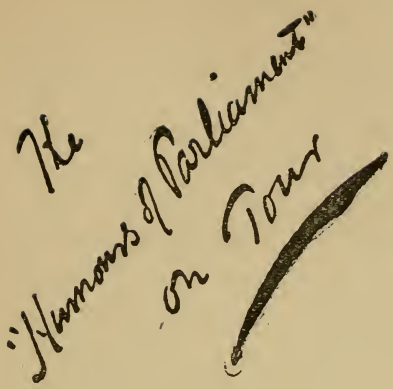
appearance of a circle of men on a sunny morning at the seaside, each crowned with the incongruous "topper."

As you look out from your hotel window upon the bay, a pretty sight is presented by the flotilla of brown-sailed fishing smacks, some at anchor and some cruising about; for Scarborough is not a merely ornamental watering-place, but a fishing centre as well, and very picturesque do the tall, bronzed, big-booted fishermen look as they lounge about the quay, hands in pocket, pipe in mouth, while their boats lie at anchor in the bay. They are a fine lot of men, these well-built, sturdy toilers of the deep at Scarborough, worthy descendants of the hardy, old-time Northern sailors.



The visitors' daily programme varies little. In the morning they visit the Spa, and listen to the sweet music discoursed by Mr. Lutz's band, or venturing on the all-but perpendicular

tramway, they are taken swiftly up the side of the precipitous cliffs on their perilous pilgrimage to Mr. Sarony's photographic studio. The morning is soon whiled away in this fashion, and the afternoon is generally devoted to a drive round the charming country surrounding the town. In the evening the Spa is *the* attraction. Mr. Lutz and his merry men are to the fore again, and their music is greatly appreciated by the well-dressed throng of fashionable people strolling up and down the spacious promenade by the sea—a beautiful scene on a still summer night. Others can spend the evening in the theatre, where there is always some amusement provided by the enterprising management, which fully deserves the patronage so freely accorded.



Scarborough.

My dear M.,

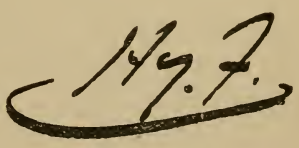
It is a funny thing, which I fail to understand, and of which I cannot get any explanation, that my "Humors of Parliament," which is in no way a party picture, and which, as you know, is accepted equally by the Radical, Tory, Liberal, and Unionist press, should be chiefly patronized by one party—the Tories. Any stranger travelling with me might well suppose that 99 per cent. of the people of Great Britain are Conservatives, were he to judge only from my audiences. As you know, I hold the scales of political feeling as equally as I can; if one side goes down at any time, the other follows suit the next moment.

Since last writing you I have been to Derby, Birmingham, Nottingham, and Sunderland; and it was in fear and trembling that at the first mentioned

place I produced the massive form of Sir William Harcourt before an excellent audience, naturally composed, I thought, of his constituents, but the roar of laughter with which the caricature was greeted rather puzzled me, until I was informed that there was hardly a supporter of his in the place ; while at Sunderland the much worshipped member and orator received me with open arms, and bestowed upon me all the hospitality in his power, but he drew the line at coming to the hall in the evening to hear "The Humors of Parliament." Here again, had the Liberal member come, he would have been in a minority in a hall filled with supporters of the Opposition side, even in a town which is always represented by a member of Mr. Storey's advanced views, and so I have found it north, south, east, and west. Perhaps on my next tour I shall have the Opposition side, for whom I cater just as much, and for whom I have just as much regard. Now here in Scarborough, where people meet from all parts, my audience is naturally not so one-sided. The genial Frank Lockwood, with some high luminary of the law, was sandwiched between two of the hottest Tories. Speaking of sandwiches, I would say that there is food for thought in the fact that Liberals and Radicals fought shy of an entertainment which is supposed to good-naturedly give them an insight into the

Legislative Chamber they talk so much about, and in which they take such an interest. I have consulted lots of people upon this point without being able to unravel the mystery. I took the Professor into my confidence the other evening as he was packing away the lantern and paraphernalia after the evening's performance. He thought deeply and he thought long, and at last he said: "Parliament, to tell you the truth, isn't much in my line; but I've often wondered why you never show the House of Commons after the dynamite explosion. And then there's that member who shot himself on Hampstead Heath—that would make a splendid slide. I could fire a pistol from the back, and you could writhe in supposed agony on the platform. That would draw the other class; and if you want any more horrors—not humors—why 'I've got 'em on my list!'" . . .

Yours, &c.,



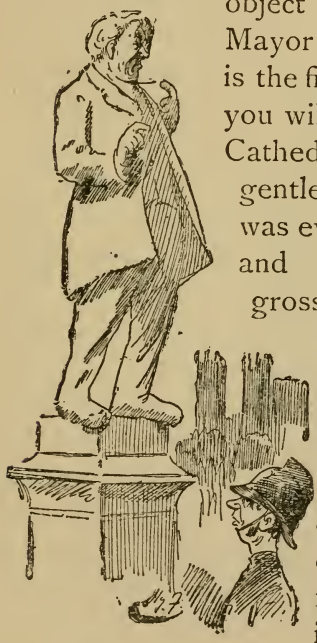
SANCTITY AND HAMS.

York—An Artistic Joke—J. L. Toole and the Native—Up the River—A Clerical City—A Church-like Theatre—York as a Commercial Centre.

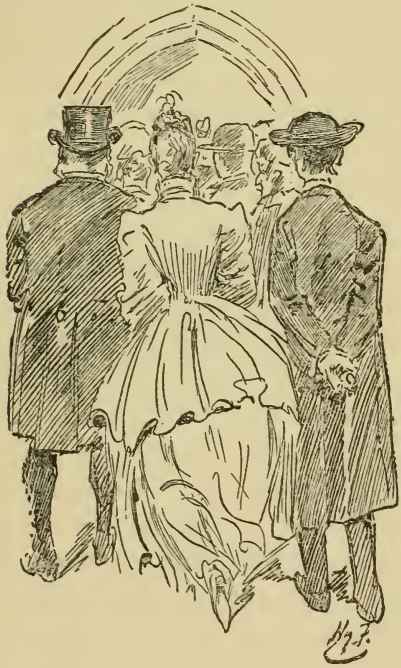
YORK is famous for three things—its Minster, its Lord Mayor, and its ham. Its Minster is second to none in England, its Lord Mayor takes precedence of all others, and its hams, perhaps, are more widely known and appreciated than either. You need not go to York to taste its hams; few, I think, travel purposely there on the chance of seeing its chief civic dignity; but the Minster must be seen to be admired, and having admired it, and had a walk round the walls, you arrive again at the station, whence, if you be an average British tourist, you will depart to fresh fields and

pastures new. For those who are interested in antiquity, however, a few days will hardly suffice to revel among the stones and mortar of former generations.

Leaving the station, before going over the river on your way to the Minster, the first object you see is an ex-Lord Mayor upon a pedestal. This is the first and last artistic joke you will find in this decorous Cathedral City. Why an old gentleman, who we are told was everything that was good and laudable, should be grossly caricatured in stone in the city for which he did so much, is a secret which is not divulged. It is sad enough to have recorded that the dear old man suffered badly from gout in his feet, if we are to judge from the statue; but it is too bad to have published the fact that this benefactor of York was also an inebriate — at least, it



would not be complimentary to the sculptor to think that he had imagined the old gentleman in a state of intoxication. To complete the joke, when I came up I found a policeman sadly contemplating the statue, evidently thinking it was high time it was removed, and I must say that I concur with him entirely.

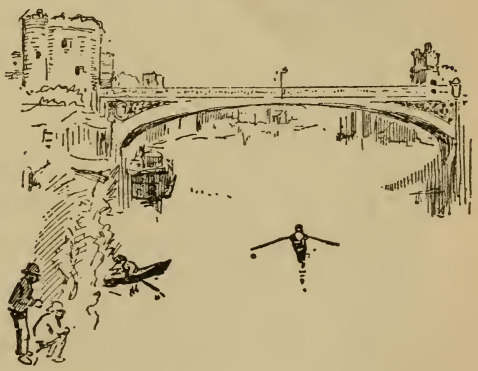


Perhaps it is not in my province to dwell upon the beauties of the Cathedral, but it is rather strange I have never heard them discoursed upon by anyone with greater fervency than by the Prince of comedians, Mr. J. L. Toole, whom I again accidentally encountered when I was in York. You would think the

people of York, with their Cathedral, had quite sufficient in the way of places of worship. But no; in addition to the imposing old Minster, there are innumerable churches, which you will find at every turn. Speaking of this characteristic, Mr. Toole says that he met a native of York, and asked him which was his church.

"My church?" says the mystified townsman.

"Yes, your church," said Mr. Toole; "I thought there was a church to every inhabitant in York?"

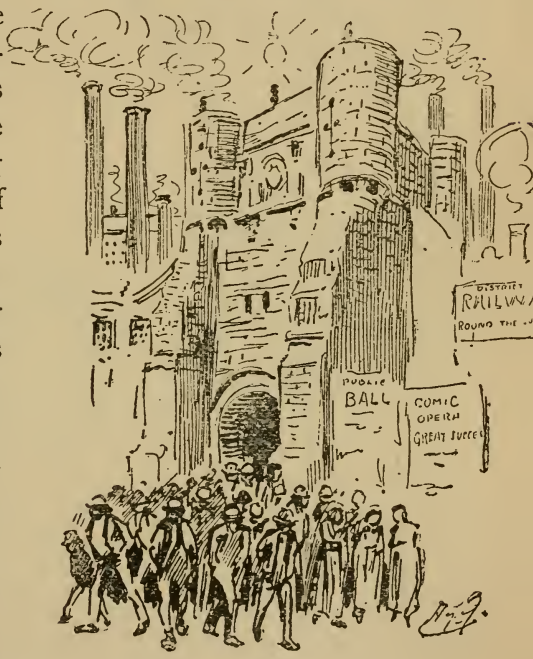


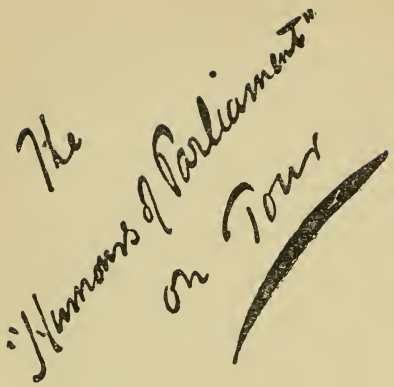
But, like the young people in Mr. Du Maurier's picture in a late number of *Punch*, who go abroad to see the country, but discover a hotel with a good tennis-lawn, on which they spend all their time, I, being passionately fond of "going up the river," early in the morning, got into a skiff, and passing under the graceful bridge which spans the river close by the

Minster, rowed quickly out of the town away up into the peaceful upper stretches of the Ouse. I may be excused on the ground that this was not my first visit to the charming old city, as on a previous occasion I had "done" the beauties of the Cathedral, walked the walls, *á la* Blondin, and explored the quaint old streets and shops; but somehow a city or town of antiquity in activity always inspires me with a desperate longing for exercise and bustle, so as an antidote I went off to Sheffield. The inhabitants of York seem so imbued with the clerical element, that the greatest activity shown by them is in rushing off to services; in fact, everything seems to be under the shade of the Minster. Even the theatre is built like a church. I have not been inside, so I cannot say whether the inside is in keeping with the exterior, or if the plays are limited to those model pieces with moral objects by Pinero or Henry Arthur Jones. The popular member, Mr. Frank Lockwood, whose portrait, with his pleasant, beaming countenance, meets

you at every turn, greets me as a fellow-member of the T. P. C., and his dress is emblematical of that mystic club.

The only sign of commercial activity in York, to the ordinary observer, seems to be the smoking chimneys of Rowntree's manufactory. Is this going to spread its branches, and will York at some future date bud out as a commercial centre? Are the gates and bars to be transformed into entrances to large factories, a district railway constructed round the walls, and the Cathedral surrounded and eclipsed by forests of chimneys? Let us hope not.





York.

My dear M.,

Left Harrogate on Friday, after giving a matinée there the day before; and am very sorry I could not stop longer so as to do an article on it in "Black and White." I will have to leave it till next visit. Thursday was a wretchedly rainy day, and everybody was grumbling because they couldn't get out. Don't see why they should grumble; they came there for the waters, and they had got them!

Despite Jupiter Pluvius, there was not standing room—not even umbrella standing room—in the hall at the Spa in which I endeavored to entertain the B.P.; indeed, I had to hand my chair down off the platform to a young lady who had stood all through the first part.

We stopped at the Queen Hotel; very comfortable

indeed, and most sociable—dancing in the evening, and all that sort of thing. As this hotel stands back from the road in what I supposed were its own grounds, I was surprised to see the faces of a small crowd of natives flattened against the windows of the ballroom intently watching the proceedings, but I afterward discovered that there was a right-of-way past the front

of the hotel, and that the inhabitants used this as a gratuitous peep show.

At six next morning I was roused from my slumbers by an imperious knock at the door. "What is it?" I asked, somewhat gruffly, rather ruffled at having my dreams thus rudely dispelled. "Why, the waters, sir!" came from outside the door, in tones that betokened that the speaker was surprised at my asking the question. "But I don't want my hot water

at this time of the morning!" "No, sir, the *waters; it's time to get up and drink them!"*

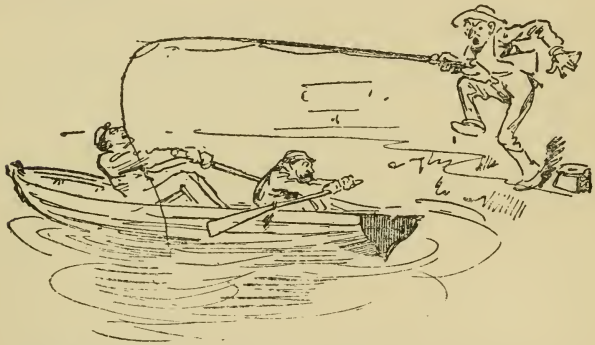
I tried hard to go to sleep again, but it was of no use; so I got up and looked out of my window, when I saw some people being carried off in what seemed to me to be a prison van. I dressed myself, and got down-

stairs just as they were returning. They were the visitors who had come to drink the waters, and the expressions on their faces made me feel glad that I had not gone with them. I mean to take the first opportunity I have to come back to Harrogate. It is true the waters are not very nice; but then I don't drink them, while the place and the people are both charming. . . .

By the way, I am much obliged for the lecture you gave me in your last letter about not taking sufficient exercise. I believe you are right; for I am getting most alarmingly stout. Wish I had followed Dick Turpin's example, and ridden here. As I didn't do that, I did what seemed to me to be the next best thing —I rowed when I got here. Mac and I got up at some unearthly hour this morning, and made our way down to the banks of the Ouse, where we found plenty of rowing boats, but no one to hire them from, though there was a barge moored close in shore, from its curtained windows evidently the residence of the proprietor of the boats round about it. We told each other that we were sorry for the proprietor: we must wake him up; but York is a sleepy place, and no efforts of ours could rouse the somnolent inhabitant of the barge. We yelled, we whistled, we shouted, and finally threw bricks on to the deck that constituted his roof, but all to no purpose. However, we had come there for a row, and a row we were going to have, so we determined to feloniously seize a boat.

I know you are fond of going "up the river," but I think you would not have exactly cared about putting in an appearance at Henley Regatta in the craft we managed to get hold of. The only boat we could get at possessed two oars, but one was about three feet long

and the other about nineteen. This was rather a drawback, and they were the only two visible; however, we stealthily undid the painter and shoved off. I took stroke with the short oar, and, rowing about 42 to Mac's 3, we managed to keep the boat more or less in the centre of the river, but she moved very slowly. I was getting exercise though, and that was what I had come for.



But there was an earlier bird than either of us up to catch the worm—need I say an angler? He was squatting on his heels on the bank in what I should think was a very uncomfortable position, steadfastly regarding his float; and as we came churning along he called out to us: "Naw, then, mak sharp! doan't fraaten all t' fish awaa!" I was doing my best, for I had increased my stroke to something like 60 a minute; but Mac, having a sympathy for anglers, put his

back into it, quite regardless of the steering, and the consequence was that just as we were abreast of the angler we described a beautiful curve in the water, and Mac got his oar mixed up with the line, and the more the frantic fisherman roared at us the more we rowed, until we had completely circumvented his line and got it knotted around everything in the vicinity. He fairly danced with rage upon the bank, while we simply roared with laughter in the boat. Eventually, in our endeavors to get free, my wretched apology for an oar slipped out of the rowlock, and Mac, giving a mighty sweep with his at that moment, we ran violently into the bank, with a shock that caused us to land in a most unexpected and undignified manner, and at the same time disentangled us from the line; so we left the disciple of Izaak Walton to claim salvage on the boat, and walked back to the bridge we started from, where on the other bank we found a boat more worthy of our aquatic powers, so we had a row in the opposite way, "where the angler ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest"—in bed; for it was still early, and we hardly saw a soul on either side of the river. . . .

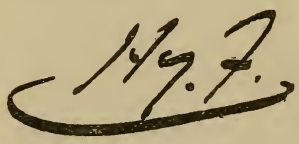
Taking a walk through the town while waiting for breakfast, I passed an old hotel which was the *hotel last time I was in York. I don't know whether I ever*

told you of a funny experience I had there once. I was on a walking tour through Durham and Yorkshire, and at the time I speak of I found myself in York, ordering my dinner in the coffee-room of the—let us say—"White Goose," when I noticed at the bottom of the wine list the name of the proprietor, and I then recollected that I had met him in a hotel in London, upon which occasion he told me that if ever I was in York I was not to forget to go to the "White Goose," of which he was the proprietor, and where I was to consider myself his guest. As I don't much care about being under obligations of that kind, I was rather glad than otherwise that I had completely forgotten the invitation; but the proprietor had noticed my name on my handbag, and he promptly came to me, reminded me of my promise, and insisted on my having dinner with him in his private room. The next day he drove me about in his dog-cart, and showed me the race-course and other places of interest. All this was very kind indeed, I thought; so judge of

my surprise when, on leaving, I found myself charged with two dinners in a private room and the hire of the trap for the day! It is a long time ago now, and I may have been charged for the driver—mine host. No wonder he died rich. I was fairly, or rather unfairly, "bowled by a Yorker!"

Returning over the bridge we met, to our surprise, the Professor, who, with radiant face, was descending the steps leading down from the walls. He informed us that he had been to inspect the spot where Black Bess dropped down dead, and had then spent a most enjoyable hour among the tombstones in the cathedral —this with the air of a man who considers he has done a good morning's work. . . .

Yours, &c.,



SHEFFIELD IN BLACK AND WHITE.

A Picture of Sheffield, Black—Another, White—"Aa know that man, he cums fra' Sheffield"—Endcliff Wood—Puzzle, find the Queen.

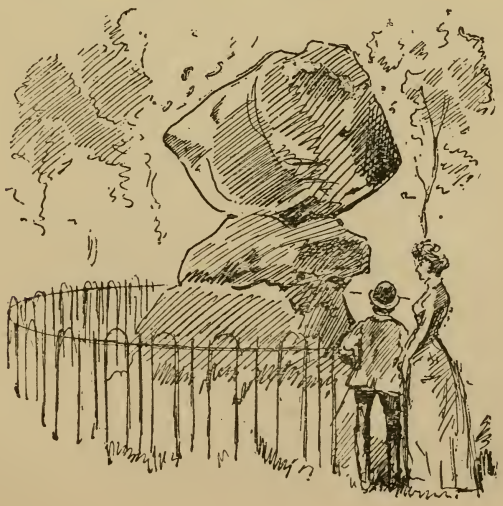
EATED at the window of my room in my hotel at Sheffield, I turned over the leaves of my blotter, and suffering I suppose from *ennui*, sat listlessly gazing at the ink-bespattered page. I joined a line here and there with my pen, to make the strokes look like chimneys, and a few touches were sufficient to transform the mass of blots into a very truthful representation of Sheffield! I here reproduce it as an initial to

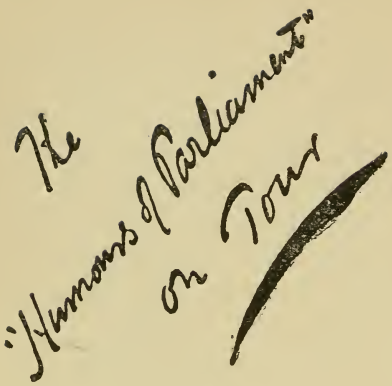
this part of my article. Tearing out this page, I came to a nice, clean, white one underneath,

with only a spot here and there; this brought me back twelve years, and I here seemed to

see Sheffield as I saw it then, white with snow. It was in the winter of '79, I think, that I first visited the cradle of cutlery. I arrived on Christmas Day, as a special artist for the *Illustrated London News*. Although the town, with its mantle of snow, was completely white, things looked black. The distress was terrible, and I was brought face to face with it in my visits to the unemployed, who looked upon me with eyes of suspicion, evidently under the impression that I was a bailiff preparing for action. It was, therefore, pleasant to visit it again under more prosperous aspects; and whoever nowadays sees a prosperous-looking man of the type I show in my sketch here, of razor-like sharpness, with bristly tufted chin, and heart of steel, may "know that man, he cums fra' Sheffield."

I do not refer to the thousand and one wonderful manufacturing concerns of the town; a description of these is a futile subject in itself. But during my brief visit I strolled out to admire the beauties of Endcliff Wood, which was given to the people as a memorial of the Jubilee. All details can be gleaned from an inscription upon a stone in the centre of the park. And *apropos* of this stone, I may remark that if the people of York have erected a joke at the expense of their ex-Lord Mayor, the people of Sheffield have, in their Jubilee Stone, an unconscious joke at the expense of a more august personage.





Sheffield.

My dear M.,

When I arrived at the hall last evening I found a gentleman waiting to interview me. He was a broth of a boy from the Emerald Isle—one of those poor innocent, ignorant men who spend their Saturday pennies on buying the trash printed by the so-called "National Press" to delude them. One of them might well alter its title to "United Ignorance." I won't charge the editor for this suggestion. The gentleman in question arrived at the door of the hall armed with his blackthorn, and a varied and extensive vocabulary of epithets which had been applied to me in the pages of "U. I." from which he had culled them; and while he "waited for me" he harangued the crowd, and gave them an entertainment they had not bargained for; but instead of the limelight he found the bull's-eye of

a policeman upon him, and he melted away like a dissolving view in the tender care of two burly Yorkshire "bobbies."

The weather has been awful, and we have wandered

from window to window of the hotel in search of some passing interest; but all we could see through the rain and the dense smoke was the cheering advertisement on the walls, "Don't worry; try Sunlight Soap!" This at first had a soothing effect upon us, and we lapsed

into a more philosophic frame of mind; but the constantly recurring sight of "Don't worry" had in time a quite contrary effect, and by the end of the second day we hated that advertisement with a most fervent hatred. It is all very well to be told not to worry when you are in a rather perturbed state of mind; but when you are quite at ease with yourself and everybody else, and not thinking of worrying about anybody or anything, it is simply maddening!

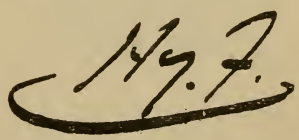
The natives, judging from their appearance, did not pay very much heed to the injunction of the advertisement, especially some ragged urchins who were playing about the railings outside the hotel with a lightheartedness only equalled by that of their contemporaries in Cockayne.

The Professor seemed quite surprised that we took our walk out into the fresh and beautiful country, instead of through the noisy streets. The town, with its overhanging smoke and gloom, was much more congenial to him; indeed, so dismal did the place look when we were there, that I am astonished the people are always so bright and pleasant. They are evidently not influenced much by their surroundings. . . .

. . . The Professor waxed quite eloquent about the town, and would have been a big success as an orator at the cutlers' feast, with his similes about wise

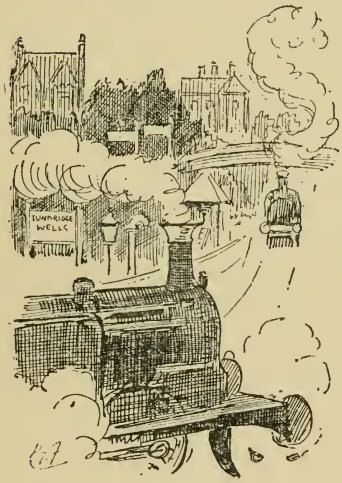
saws, double-edged remarks, hearts of steel, wrists of iron, flashing blades, &c.; and he seemed quite aggrieved when we told him that we had used up all those metaphors during our visits to the various cutlery works. Then he said: "Ah! but I don't think you've been through Messrs. Ruddigore, Morgue and Co.'s place?" We said we'd never even heard of them. This seemed to both surprise and delight him, and he replied: "Why, that's where they make surgical instruments, pig-stickers, and—and" (this with a fiendish grin) "the knives for the guillotine!" I went there late at night specially to see them making those, and the manager, Mr. Colde Shudderer, showed me a room full of ancient instruments of torture, from thumb-screws down to the scissors they used to cut criminals' ears off with. I haven't had such a treat for years. . . .

Yours, &c.,



THE HOME OF "YE PANTILES."

The Discoverer of the Waters—The Elixir of Life—Tunbridge Wells as it was—Movable Dwellings—A Scene of Devastation—Ye Pantiles of the Past—The Ancient Dispenser of Chalybeate — "Feyther's lookin'!" — A Second Edition of "The Jumping Frog."



SINCE Dudley, Lord North, we are informed by the local guide book, was "a distinguished nobleman and gay young companion of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James I.," and who first discovered the waters that have made Tunbridge Wells famous, the Kentish village has grown into one of the most fashionable resorts in Great Britain. This gay young sprig of nobility, we are told, had ruined his constitution at the early age of twenty-four; so, like a bad boy, he was packed off into the country, far away from his riotous companions.

The chosen spot for the erring one's rustication was Tunbridge. Passing through a wood while out driving, he happened, naturally enough, to feel thirsty, and his eager eyes catching sight of a small bright stream running close to his path, he alighted from his carriage for a closer inspection. The chronicler does not say that he drank any of the water, but merely examined it, and, "fancying that it was endowed with some medicinal properties, he commanded his servants to bottle off some of the water." This is proof positive that this Lothario had at least one empty bottle in the carriage with him. He took the specimen back to London, and his physician declared it to be medicinal water of inestimable value. He had, indeed, discovered the elixir of life, for he returned to the stream and drank of it for three months, and this fortified him so that he threw physic to the dogs, snapped his fingers at the doctors ever afterward, lived a life of gayety, and died at the advanced age of eighty-five. We are told that the story of this miraculous cure quickly spread. Now, had this young Lord North lived in these days, he would probably have made his fortune, with the assistance of his groom and coachman, by

bottling the whole stream up and taking out a patent. Indeed, another noble lord on whose estate medicinal springs were discovered, seems to have had an eye for business, and made the most of his discovery. I suppose his heirs are still reaping the benefit in ground rents. I doubt that now many of the visitors are here for the purpose of drinking the waters, nor is Tunbridge Wells the elysium for the *jeunesse dorée* that it was in those days when gamblers played high at "basset," and morris-dancers disported themselves on the bowling-green; nor does the modern Beau Nash drive down in his sumptuous equipage, with six grays, outriders, footmen, and French horns. Nowadays the *élite* travel down from town within the hour, and in the quietest of broughams roll off to their country houses, built in the substantial style of the Victorian era. I say substantial, because in the early days of this watering-place, the cabins occupied by the visitors were movable, and were carried on sledges from one part of the common to the other. These sledges would not be of very much use just at present; for at the time I am writing, the country round about, owing to the deluge during the late tremendous storm, is one vast

lake, the tops of trees and hedges alone sticking up here and there to relieve the monotony of this scene of devastation. I noticed several carts on which hay had been placed to keep it out of the wet, I suppose, before the flood had attained its present dimensions, which were

completely abandoned, and derelict were drifting aimlessly about this inland sea. If this sort of thing was of frequent occurrence in the old days, I hope, for the sake of the visitors, that their movable houses took the shape of house-boats or bathing machines. Johnson, Boswell, Miss Chudleigh, Judge Jeffreys, and other wits, notabilities of the

time, may not have been surprised at the sight of their fellow-visitors travelling about in their movable houses; but they would be rather

astonished, I should think, if they saw the number of visitors who pour into the town during the season from each of the numerous trains that have made the Tunbridge Wells stations very busy ones indeed.

Apropos of movable houses, the first thing I saw on arriving at Tunbridge Wells was one of those travelling dwelling-places on the road by the common, one of those that Mr. Smith, of Coalville, is always agitating about. But if Boswell, Johnson, and their contemporaries have long ceased to grace Tunbridge Wells

with their annual presence, the ancient nomenclature is still preserved in the case of "Ye Pantiles;" and as I sat sketching this picturesque spot from the very coign of vantage that so many artists have occupied before me, and watching the figures flitting to and fro, the men, even the aged ones, garbed in riding

dress or knickerbocker suits, and the fresh young English girls in the graceful dress of the present day, it struck me that allowing for the romantic picturing of the chronicler,

there must be very little difference between the pretty Pantiles of the past and those of the present. As I was making my sketch by the well, every now and then a drinker of the waters would arrive. There is a room in the corner of the Pantiles in which is seated a pleasant-faced old lady, who presides over the dispensation of the medicinal waters; above

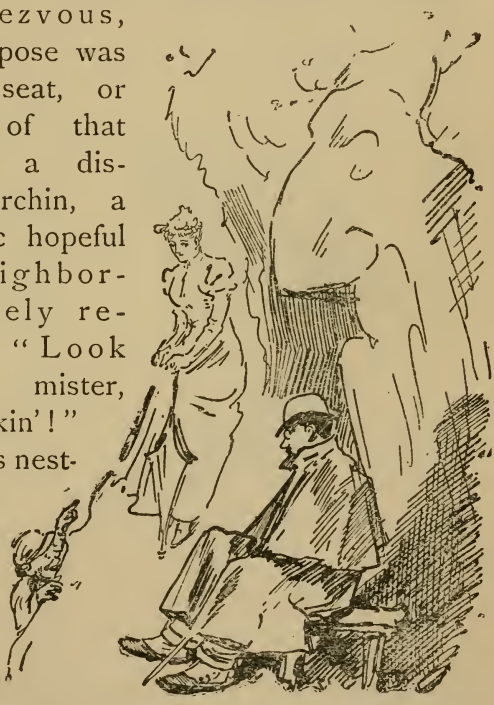
her on the wall is a large photograph of a very ancient lady, who for something like 80 years (or was it 180 years?) dosed the visitors with the water from the Chalybeate spring; among

others, her daughter informed me, no less a personage than Her Most Gracious Majesty. When a customer arrives, this old lady trips down a few stone steps, and takes a jug, which she proudly shows you is perfectly yellow from being continually dipped in the spring, fills a glass, and you get this quantum of a very pleasant and harmless non-intoxicating beverage for the small sum of one penny. During the time I was at the well, I was amused to find that three or four visitors were very much disappointed because the water wasn't nasty enough. I am afraid the good people of Tunbridge Wells are too honest. Had I been the purveyor of Chalybeate, and heard these remarks, I would have immediately paid a visit to the nearest chemist's, and have taken care that the next inquisitive tourist should not find fault with the water upon that score.

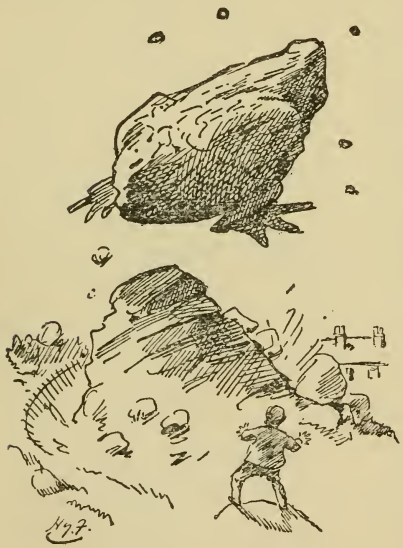
Every town has its "trade mark," so to speak, either its Lover's Seat, or bottomless well, or haunted oak; and Tunbridge Wells is not behind hand in this respect, for it has its Toad Rock, its Parson's Head, and its Loaf and Lion Rock. The observant tourist has, I doubt not, been often amused at the fanciful shapes and faces that rocks assume. A great

many are famous for their grotesque but undoubted resemblances to human beings and animals, and the rocks at Tunbridge Wells are not lacking in this respect.

I observed a young couple about to meet at a rendezvous, which I suppose was a lover's seat, or something of that kind, when a disreputable urchin, a young rustic hopeful of the neighborhood, rudely remarked: "Look out there, mister, feyther's lookin'!" The seat was nestling under an overhanging rock, and looking up at this I saw the stern countenance of the irate parent; but as "love is blind," according to the old saying, I suppose the young

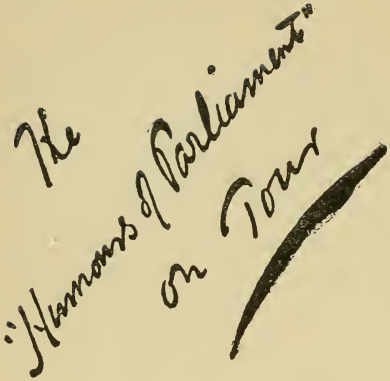


couple did not notice it. But the Toad Rock is one that each visitor feels himself or herself in duty bound to visit. This lapidarian reptile has, we are told, been upheaved from the bowels of the earth. Perhaps, at some future date, there may be another upheaval of the earth at this identical spot that will supply the toad with the necessary impetus he has so long been waiting for, and may I be there to witness this second edition of "The Jumping Frog."



But whether it be spring, summer, autumn, or winter, even if the visitors are disappointed in the anticipation of seeing the toad jump, they will have had the satisfaction of a sojourn in one of the most healthy, bracing, fashionable, and

picturesque of health resorts to be found anywhere. And the only place within reasonable distance of London combining all these desirable qualifications is undoubtedly Tunbridge Wells.



Tunbridge Wells.

My dear M.,

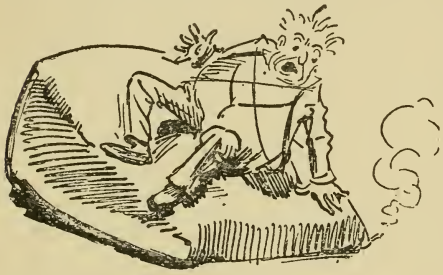
Since writing you last I have been to Brighton to give two performances. You will see what sort of weather we had from my sketch of "Breezy Brighton" in "Punch." We were fortunately in the good "Old Ship," which weathered the storm capitally, and was splendidly provisioned. We found plenty of amusement in looking out of the port-holes and watching the people braving the elements, and trying to tack round the corner of the street against the gale; and whenever I saw an old gentleman bring up suddenly against a lamp-post, or take a header into the arms of a fisherman, or grind his nose against the curbstone, I fervently hoped he was one of the directors of the Dome, as they refuse to allow any oxy-hydrogen light in the interior of this

ancient edifice, so I couldn't give my entertainment there. Gas as much as you like, in two senses, but no limelight.

I can quite believe that in the old days—say when the Dome was built, and when, figuratively speaking, they used magic lanterns made out of old kettles, supplied from gas in tissue-paper bags—there was some fear of an accident which might suddenly elevate the building; but you might just as well compare the old-fashioned lanterns and gas bags with the elaborate apparatus and strong gas cylinders in use nowadays, as draw a line between the cockleshells of penny steamboats on the Thames and the pick of the Transatlantic liners—say the "Teutonic" or the "Majestic"—or an old-fashioned boarding establishment with the magnificent Hotel Métropole at Brighton. This princely hotel has a fine hall attached to it, and as, notwithstanding their splendid surroundings, the management are not afraid of the limelight, it was in this hall I made my two appearances.

I think I noticed one of the directors of the Dome sitting in the front row, and I was half inclined to make a departure from my usual remarks, and introduce the Lord High Executioner's song from "The Mikado"—"I've got him on my list"—and, as Mr. Gilbert suggests, I would "make the punishment fit

the crime," and compel this director to act as the weight on one of the old-fashioned gas bags with a slow fuse attached to the mouth—the bag's mouth, not the director's. It is hardly necessary for me to say that this proposition emanated from the Professor; but, seriously speaking, I think it is rather ridiculous



that an entertainment like mine should be prohibited in this more suitable building. I feel very much like blowing up the committee, but this would in no way endanger the safety of the building. . . .

. . . I had two splendid audiences, as the reporters would say, carriages formed a line from the doors right down to the Pier. I really ought to have given the show on stilts, as the platform was only about a foot high, so I don't think the people at the back could see much more than the top of my head. Now here I have a platform about the size of the floor of the House of Commons, and I must admit that the aspect of the hall in the evening reminded me very forcibly of the House itself during the dinner hour. . . .

The weather here is also bad. There was a little sunshine this morning, and I took advantage of it to get some sketches about the place. On my way out to the Toad Rock I saw some incidents worth recording, but to my horror I found that I had come out without a pencil! I was a good way from the town, and the twigs on the trees were too damp to make charcoal of even if I wasted a box of matches, so I was just on the point of giving up my journey, when a small boy hove in sight. I was prepared to give this urchin untold gold for a bit of pencil, so I interrogated him on the subject. At first he shook his head; then he felt in all his pockets. No result. Finally he made a plunge into some mysterious aperture in the lining of his coat, and I anxiously watched his hand gradually travelling round in the direction of the opposite side of his garment. Then he seized a corner of the lining, and a smile broke over his face. It was terribly exciting. The smile developed into a grin: I was saved! "Wait a minute, sir; I've got it!" and after sundry and manifold grabs and jerks, he fished out an infinitesimal stump of a lead pencil with about as

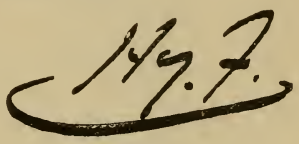
much exertion and apparent science as a dentist would use in extracting a tooth. I threw him my purse (I believe that is the correct way of rewarding anyone

who has done you a service), and walked off triumphantly with my treasure, a fac-simile of which I here present you with. . . .

We had not seen the Professor all day; but coming back from our walk we observed a dark form emerge stealthily out of a railway tunnel. Sure enough it was the Professor, and his white face looked ghastlier than ever against the gloom inside. He looked very surprised when I asked him what he was trespassing on the railway for. "Don't you know I'm a member of the Corpsological Research Association? There was a man thrown out of a railway-carriage window in this tunnel on December the 18th, 1864. The train he was thrown from was the 3.55 from London, and, strange to say, his body has never been discovered. It is not the first afternoon I have spent here, risking my life among the passing trains; and to-day I have used up twenty boxes of matches in my endeavor to throw some light upon this dark subject, but this is the only clue I have discovered up to now." He opened

his note-book, and showed us between two pages a human hair, which he had found sticking to the wall of the tunnel, and upon which he now reverently gazed, conjuring up in his own mind the awful tragedy to which this single hair bore mute testimony. We subsequently discovered from the station-master that this tunnel had only been built ten years; but to this day we have never had the heart to tell the Professor so, and the hair still remains among his most treasured relics. . . .

Yours, &c.,



THE SHOW GARDEN OF ENGLAND.

A Big Exhibition; Side Shows extra—"Tolls, please!"—Playing at Trains—Coach Touts—The Side Shows—Pretty Totland Bay—A Dangerous Foundation—The Flowers in the Garden.

THE Isle of Wight rejoices in the title of the "Garden of England," but it has always struck me as being more of a winter Garden or a Summer Garden—a garden in the sense of a show place, an exhibition with a lot of side show attractions, for which you are charged extra. Crossing *viâ* Southampton, the mulcting process begins the moment you sight the Isle of Wight steamer. You have no sooner paid for and received your ticket than you have to pay toll for the privilege of using it, besides each separate item in your luggage

being charged for. Landing at Ryde Pier, you pass a barrier where you must deliver up your ticket; two yards farther on you are stopped at a turnstile, the custodian of which demands twopence toll for landing. I suppose that if by this time your means were exhausted,

your person would be impounded between these two toll gates until you were rescued and bailed out by some chance friend or good Samaritan passing by. Your luggage, for which you have already paid before commencing your voyage, is seized by the pier officials, weighed with the accuracy of the money scales in the Bank of England, and

you are charged nearly the value of your baggage for the privilege of taking it on to the Island with you. Then you have either the choice of walking the planks of the pier to reach the shore, or still further attenuating your purse by using the Electric Railway. If you do not happen to be stopping at Ryde, but are going on to some other part of the island, you are at the mercy of one, if not all, of the three pettifogging little railway companies that work and prosper upon the few square miles which constitute this pretty little isle.

I have visited the Isle of Wight now pretty regularly for some years, but I have never yet been able to fathom the depths of mystery which encompass the workings of the aforesaid diminutive railways. They have always got little surprises in store for the unsuspecting traveller. Being a golfer, I take a ticket from Ryde to Bembridge, a distance of about five miles. For this I pay something less than five pounds; but I am informed by a resident who, having nothing else to do, after many years of sojourn in the island, ultimately unravelled a good deal of the profound and mystical intricacies of the railway systems,

that if I booked from the next station, close to, a first-class return to Bembridge would cost me about threepence. I won't vouch for the absolute accuracy of these figures, but they will give you some idea of the eccentricity which prevails on these miniature iron-roads. Of one thing I am certain, and that is, that these three companies, who have the poor tourist at their mercy, are determined to spite each other as much as possible, and this they do at the expense and annoyance of the traveller, as part of their game at railways is to take special care that their trains shall *not* form connections at the junctions with the trains of the other lines; and the isle will never be patronized as it ought to be while this state of affairs exists. Of course, this is notorious; and the first-class tourist is well aware that a visit to the Isle of Wight is an expensive undertaking. But it is hard for his less affluent brethren to be tempted to cross over by boat for a little over a shilling return fare, and be charged, in addition, a penny for leaving the mainland, twopence for landing on the island, and the same on their return journey—in all an extra sixpence is a consideration for a working man. Had I space

I could dilate still further upon the absurd railway systems of the island, but it is only W. S. Gilbert who can do justice to the topsy-turvydom of the railway eccentricity experienced by all who visit England's garden.

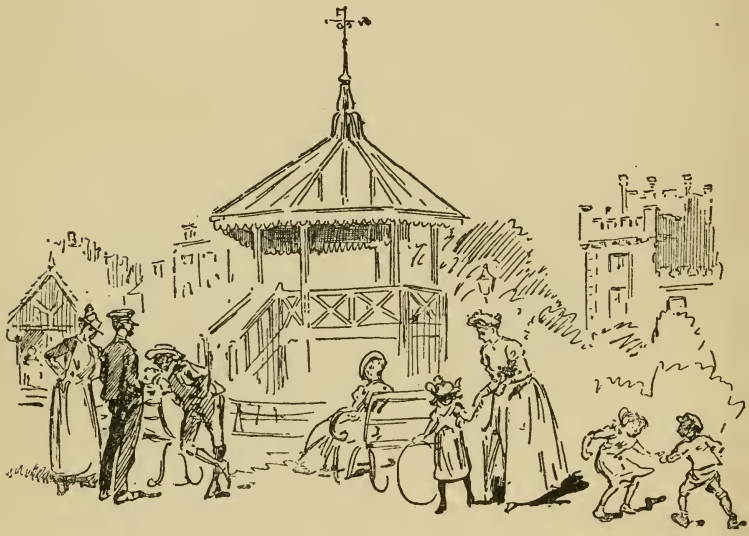
You may notice on crossing from Southsea to Ryde certain individuals in horsey costumes on the steamers. These are touts for the coaches that ply on the island (which no doubt offer the best means for sight-seeing), resembling the side-show men at exhibitions calling out: "This way for the Vanishing Lady!" "Step up here, and see the Performing Fleas!" &c., or the touts outside cheap photographers. They are not allowed to ply their calling on the aristocratic soil of the island, or on the steamers, so they must cross over to the other side of the water, where they dispose of the coach tickets to the excur-

sionists. Judging from the appearance of the last coach I saw this season, I do not think these solicitations can have had much effect.

Now what has this Garden of England, as

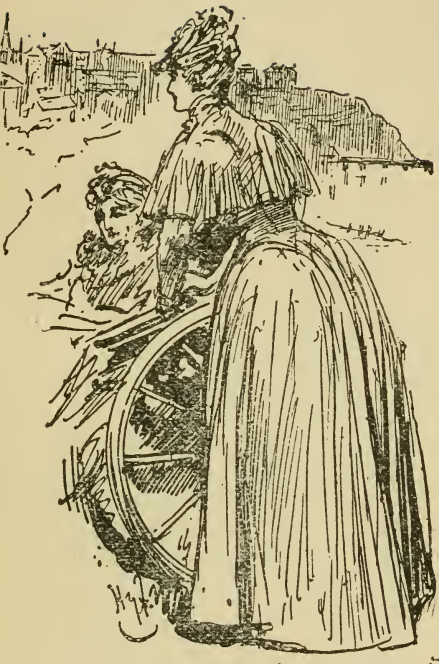
an exhibition, to attract the tourist besides the beauties that Dame Nature has bestowed on it with such a lavish hand? Carisbrooke Castle, with its donkey doing penance on a treadmill to bring up to the surface again the candle the attendant lowers into the well; a Roman villa, a Poet Laureate, an Attorney-General, and last, but not least, a Royal residence.

As far as sightseeing is concerned, Ryde is undoubtedly the best place to make your headquarters; but to see the beautiful island at its very best, you must wander over the



cliffs by the Needles, where the air is most invigorating and the scenery most romantic, and you can get a bird's-eye view of pretty Totland Bay, a charming little spot, which is, to my mind, the beau-ideal of a quiet watering-place. It is only to be known to be spoilt, so I will not expose the secrets of its charms,

but selfishly, perhaps, keep them locked in my own bosom. I do not wonder that Lord Tennyson was roused against the railways marring the peaceful rural solitude and beauty of this quiet spot with their noise and smoke and rattle and bustle. Quiet Totland Bay certainly is, as far as the ordinary visitor is concerned; but this particularly peaceful place is a literal hot-bed of all the secret modern appliances for offence and defence, and if the numerous electric wires which form a perfect unseen network all over the place, and are attached to the guns and concealed explosives, happened to get entangled, Totland Bay and

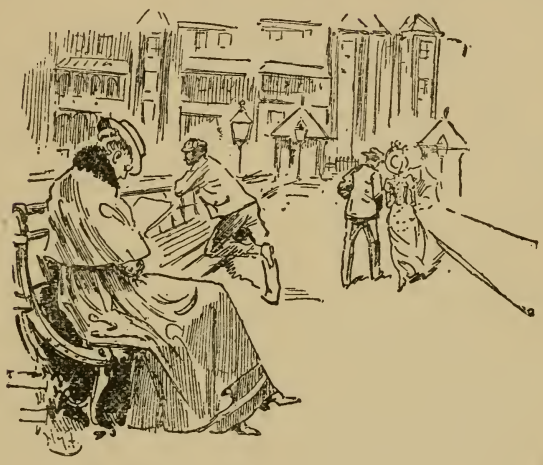


the Needles might be suddenly and expeditiously transported to Bournemouth.

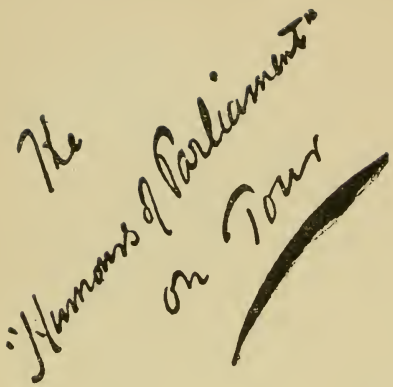
Cowes, the haven of the yachtsman; Ventnor, the resort of the invalid; Bembridge, the golfer's Paradise;

Shanklin, the Ultima Thule of the tennis-player; Sandown, the happy hunting-ground of the burnt-cork minstrel — each bed, in fact, in

this model garden has its own peculiar and distinctive flower, some of which I endeavor to depict by means of the budding maidens



in my sketches; but in Ryde the assortment is more varied, although the species most prevalent are the *nauta aristocraticus* and the *toutes vulgaris.*



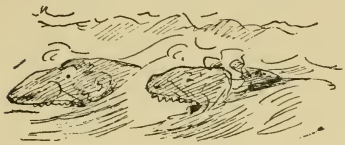
Southsea.

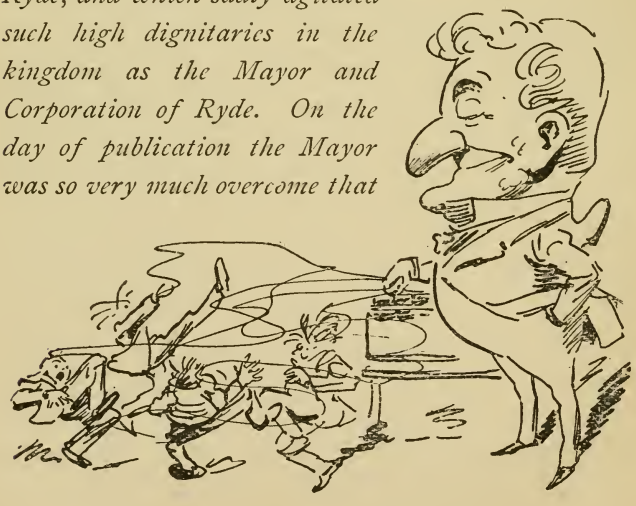
My dear M.,

Leaving Tunbridge Wells, I had to make a cross-country journey—cross in two senses of the word; for we had to change five times, which would perhaps have been acceptable as giving a little diversity to the monotony of travelling had I not, when on the point of starting, received a telegram from my editor, telling me to do a page drawing àpropos *of Lord Randolph Churchill's terrible adventure with the seven lions in South Africa, which to be in press in time for the next issue would have to be in London that night. I have a portable studio, about* 3 *feet by* 1½ *feet, which contains all my drawing materials, and when open forms a desk, so that I can get to work the moment I arrive at a hotel; but I did not bargain for having*

to draw in the train, particularly when having to change continually, however, I managed to do it by putting in the faces when we stopped at a station and the rest of the work as we rattled along. The only part of it which came really easy to me was my delineation of Lord Randolph and the lions trembling with terror, when I simply laid my pen on the drawing and the jerking of the train over the points made the points of the drawing. It was tiring work, and I was only kept awake by my drawing pen being violently jerked into my hand at frequent intervals; and yet art critics, who little know the difficulties which we artists of the Press have sometimes to labor under, criticise work done under these sort of circumstances just the same as if it were done in peace and quiet and the comfort of a sumptuous studio, although the flattering remarks which I have just read about this sketch of mine show me that it evidently didn't suffer much from the peculiar circumstances under which it was done. I began the drawing at Tunbridge Wells at about 10.30 a.m., and it was on its way quite finished to town at 4.30 from Southampton. I know this will interest you, although I shouldn't like the public to know it; but all the time I have been on tour I have never allowed anything to interfere with my keeping pace with my Press work. . . .

. . . *I gave a performance in Southampton, and then crossed next morning to the Isle of Wight, after being mulcted heavily for ourselves and our baggage. Our voyage was uneventful, except that we passed two sharks, which, from the price of living in "The Garden of England," we put down to be a couple of the hotel proprietors out for a bathe. I suppose you have seen my sketch in "Punch" of the Isle of Wight, which I did from the window of the hotel I was stopping at in Ryde, and which sadly agitated such high dignitaries in the kingdom as the Mayor and Corporation of Ryde. On the day of publication the Mayor was so very much overcome that*



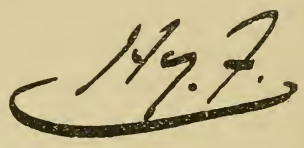


a new Mayor had to be elected on the spot, and the Aldermen and Town Councillors were with difficulty brought round by the aid of smelling salts and electric shocks, the latter being administered gratuitously by the electric railway on the Pier. The anathemas heaped upon my unfortunate head were as extensive and comprehensive as those showered upon the Jackdaw of Rheims; but after a serious and stormy discussion the authorities decided to drop the subject, as the report says they did not wish to advertise "Punch." Poor "Punch"! The veteran who has just celebrated his jubilee will hide his diminished head, and strike from the roll the name of the miscreant who had the audacity to warn the public at the expense of the Mayor and Corporation of the town of Ryde! . . .

. . . Coming across, the Professor was buried in a book (not in a sewn-up sail, as they usually are at sea). It was Rudyard Kipling's latest— "The Best Story in the World." He was gloating over the narration of the galley-slave's sufferings, and was particularly delighted by the author's vivid description of their being cut up into little bits and poked through the holes in the side of the vessel made for the oars to go through. Although the Solent was hardly the place to inspire one, as the author

of "The Best Story in the World" had been inspired, the Professor was quite carried away by the revolting details, and it was worth a lot to see the look of disgust which passed over his features when he was brought back to everyday life by the demand for tolls with which we were pestered immediately we landed on the island. . . .

Yours, &c.,



EASTBOURNE AFTER THE SEASON.

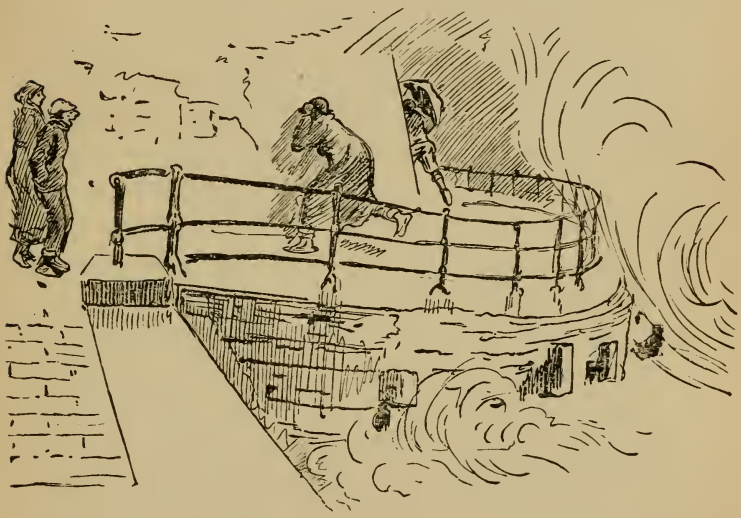
Good-by to the Holiday Makers — Splash Point—How the Visitor Spends the Day—His Friend, the Waiter—The Daily Papers—The Pavilion—The Manager's Enterprise —Ladies on the Links—The Curse of Eastbourne—A Fugitive.

UNFORTUNATELY I found myself at Eastbourne just as the season was over. The grass on the tennis-lawns was an inch long, and in place of the pretty faces that erstwhile attracted the masculine gaze toward the boarding-house windows, the observant visitor might have noted sundry elderly visages peeping out gloomily from behind the numerous notices: "Apartments to Let." The itinerant musician from Italy's sunny shores, the cheap-jack of the sands, and the irrepressible niggers had fled, like the swallows, to other climes. The boats which, freighted with flannel-clad youths and their inamorate, had flitted hither and thither upon the placid surface of the sea under the hot suns of July and August, were now keel upward, snugly tucked in under the parade, in close proximity to the regiment of

bathing machines, which, pulled up side by side, "were left till called for" next season, and probably the bathing-machine horse, as a pleasant variation from his irksome summer labor, was now let out to follow the harriers across country at half-a-crown an hour. Not that Eastbourne was completely empty, but the holiday-makers had departed, although a considerable number of health-seekers still remained; and when the sun shone for an hour or so in the afternoon, the visitors, like the buds it had caressed into blossoms in the springtime, came out under the benign influence, and for a time the parade looked quite lively. In the absence of the usual summer beach attractions, Nature catered for the amusement of the visitors, who seemed to take a lively interest in watching the waves which one after another, under the influence of a strong southeasterly gale, were dashing over "Splash Point," an enjoyment which seems particularly dear to the English heart.

The daily programme of the visitor in a seaside resort like this, late in the autumn, is something like the following:—Have breakfast an hour later than usual. Probably, at this period of the year, you have the coffee-room

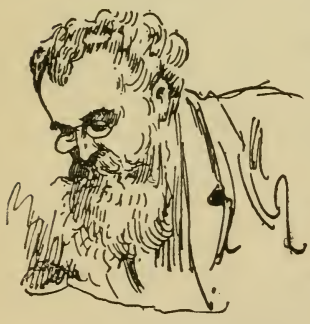
waiters in your hotel all to yourself, so an hour can be taken up in discussing the visitors they have during the season, or what is probably more interesting, the few that remain. You hear all about the old lady on the second floor,



who sees nobody, eats nothing, drinks nothing, and never goes out, and, as the waiter expresses it, she "pays through the nose" for everything; though as she eats nothing and drinks nothing, it is a mystery to me why she is subjected to this nasal-organ system of payment. Then there is the eccentric old gentleman in number

49, "something in the City," who has come down to lay in a good stock of ozone wherewith to combat the fog-fiend, but who nevertheless spends all his time in the railway station, watching the trains coming and going, until the time comes for him to take a first single for London Bridge. Having exhausted the brief list of visitors, the all-absorbing topic of the Salvation Army is brought on the *tapis*, and after you have fully discussed the pros and cons of the case with your friend the waiter, you walk up to the station to buy the London papers. Having pocketed these, you go to the Reading-room and peruse the very same papers which are lying on the table there. This business over, a stroll along the front as far as the Wish Tower in search of an appetite, and back to your hotel for lunch. This meal disposed of, another peregrination to the Wish Tower to aid digestion, and then off to the station to see if the London evening papers have arrived. They have, and have been sent to the Reading-room; so once more you bend your steps in this direction, and peruse the news of the day. By this time the approach of darkness intimates that dinner-time is not far off, and soon you are seated at the corner table in the large,

dim, empty coffee-room, deserted by all save the faithful waiter, who, having nothing else to do, has also read the evening papers from beginning to end, advertisements and all, and is ready to enter into discussion with you upon the various items of interest contained therein. Dinner and debate over, our visitor would find time hang very heavily on his hands but for the amusements provided by the management of Devonshire Park Pavilion, and the two hours he can put in there will be the liveliest of the day. Then comes the last item on the programme, bed. This dose to be repeated daily.



I happened to look in at the Pavilion just as the courteous manager, Mr. Standen Triggs, had returned from London, his countenance wreathed with smiles, the cause of which I was soon to learn.

"Next time you come to Eastbourne, Mr Furniss, you will see a wonderful addition to the Park, for I've just bought the P. and O. Pavilion at the Naval Exhibition."

"Good Heavens!" I said, "are you promoting a scheme for enlarging the pier, and are the P. and O. Steamers to come and go to and from the new Eastbourne Docks?"

He had no time to reply, for he was off again, this time, perhaps, to purchase the

Alexandra Palace for transportation to Eastbourne, wherein to hold an exhibition of white elephants, or to make a bid for the tower which is to out-Eiffel Eiffel, at the World's Fair at Chicago. Should the visitor, however, be of an athletic turn of mind, or rather of body, he can skate on the rink under the Pavilion in the

morning or afternoon to the lively strains of an excellent band, and afterward have a refreshing swim in the spacious baths across the road; or if a golfer, he can display his skill in the august presence of the most genial of champions and first-class exponent of the game, Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who kindly pioneered me over the links. When he saw me at my worst I excused myself on the ground

that I could not keep my eye on the ball in the presence of such a redoubtable personage in the world of golf; but the fact is, my erring optic was continually wandering to the links reserved for golfers of the gentler sex, whose costume, I may inform the fair athletes, is anything but attractive. Probably, in the natural order of things, being at the seaside they designed a club-costume in keeping with the place, which strongly resembles a bathing-dress. I may frankly say that ladies do not look

their best on golf-links, and if the necessary attitudes do not allow of a very great display of grace, the least they can do is to counterbalance this by the charm of their attire. I would suggest, with all due deference to feminine taste and fashions, that a smart red jacket, a coquettish hat, and a dress with some pretence to shape, would render the presence of the ladies indispensable as ornaments to the links.

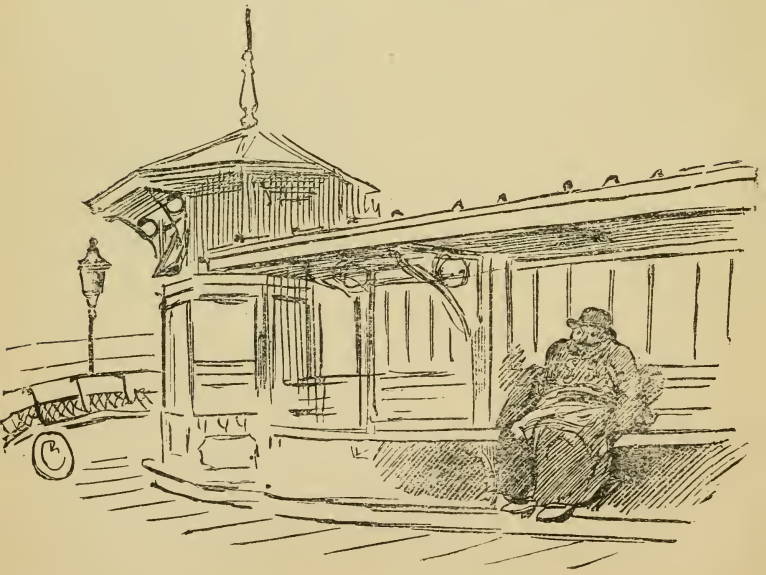
In the summertime tennis is a great feature of Eastbourne, and the tournament in Devonshire Park is one of the prettiest sights of athletic England. But it is not for tennis, or golf, or any of the usual seaside attractions that Eastbourne is becoming notorious. Every topic of conversation pales before that of the Salvation Army.

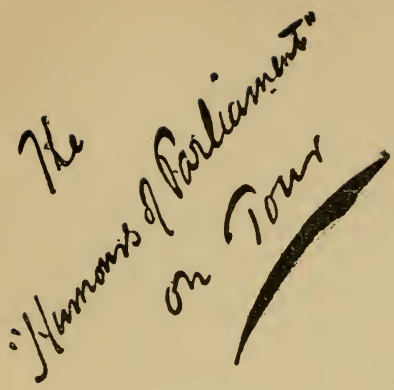
The Wish Tower is a turf-crowned eminence at the west end of the Parade. The chosen resort of loving couples, it is the scene of the mildest of flirtations. Nurses with their perambulators wheel their charges up and down the gravelled walk, and little children who have passed the perambulator period of their existence play merrily about upon the grass. It is a perfect picture of peace; but the rolling of

the drum is heard in the distance, and the air is rent by the discordant notes of brass instruments and the jingle of tambourines, and presently a motley crew approaches. The white-faced, vacant-eyed, open-mouthed, uneducated religionist is followed by the feeble, tottering imbecile, the professional howlers of the gutter, and a detachment of half-amused, half-sneering camp-followers. This is modern religion! They take possession of the peaceful stretch of sward, the children cease their games and vanish terror-stricken, the poor invalids nervously make their way indoors, and those who are too ill to leave the house writhe in agony in their chamber, their nerves unstrung by the ear-splitting din, and they are unable to get the rest their state demands. This is the Salvation Army, always the same, whether in the

quiet London suburbs, the pretty inland villages or the peaceful seaside; but at Eastbourne we have not only a contrast to the picture of peace, we have a veritable war. When I was there the inhabitants had one of their most sanguinary battles with "the Army;" the Citadel was stormed, the windows smashed, and the riotous scenes that took place, already graphically described in the papers, were a disgrace to civilization. These professional religionists had brought this upon their own heads by declaring their intention of importing "converted" pugilists, who, with "Salvation" across their chests and silver in their pockets, were to give the townspeople "wot for" for daring to protest against their town being made obnoxious to themselves and to their visitors, with the evident result of driving away the latter from one of the most delightful health resorts that grace our Southern shore. Will cant and Barnumism win the day, and will Eastbourne be forced to sink all its interests and bow the knee to the "General"? Perhaps, then, the motley band will parade the pier, or, happy thought, even surround it in open boats. Willingly would most of the inhabitants of Eastbourne provide the craft, if

there was any prospect of a good strong breeze rising which would carry the boats with their crews far from their shores. At present the pier is a safe retreat, and I was rather amused to watch one visitor who had fled from the turmoil, and sat, enveloped in his ulster, at the end farthest from the shore. I dare say he was pitying others less fortunate than himself, who thus late in the season had come down to the Sussex coast for peace and quietude, and instead found themselves in the midst of a modern edition of Dante's *Inferno.*



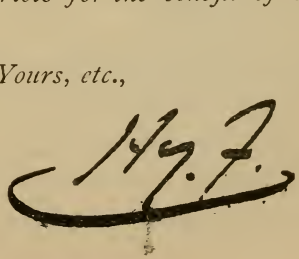


Eastbourne.

My dear M.,

I am too unnerved to write you a long letter after witnessing Bedlam let loose, which just about describes the Salvation Army disturbances here. I can hardly join the Skeleton Army, as my figure is as unsuited for that as it is for the Life Guards; but I must say that I feel strongly for the poor policeman, whose "life is not a happy one," and who gets knocked about here during these riots for the benefit of the British Barnum.

Yours, etc.,

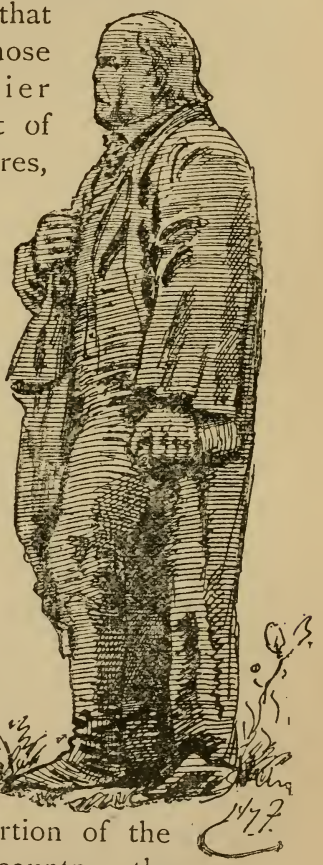


PINES AND PARSONS.

Why not Bradlaughmouth?—Retired Warriors—The Bedroom Brigade—A more ápropos Statue—Church, Sermons, and Curates—The Sanctity of the Winter Garden Destroyed—A Sumptuous Hotel—The Valley of the Bourne—An Awe-inspiring Fountain—The Invalids' Walk—Sir William.

BRADLAUGH and Bournemouth have not been very closely associated, yet unconsciously the people of Bournemouth, who are Churchy in the strict sense of the word, have the statue in their midst which I show in my sketch, although they themselves are apparently unaware of the fact. In the very centre of the town is a museum or art-gallery, or something of that kind, in the garden attached to which stands this statue, and it is probably the untutored hand of the grand old sculptor, Father Time, that has converted the features of Wellington or Napier into those of the more latter-day celebrity. Bournemouth is a new place, and this work of art, to judge from the marks of time upon it, was probably placed there long before the hotels were built, the pier thought of, or the health-restoring prop-

erties of the place discovered. Why was it not then rechristened Bradlaughmouth?

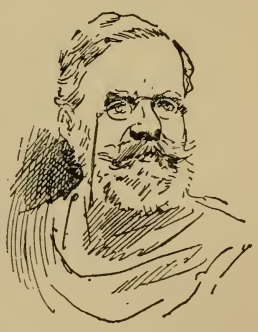


It is very strange that retired military men, whose vocation in the earlier portion of life was that of killing their fellow-creatures, should find it difficult, when they have doffed the red coat and donned mufti, to kill time. You generally find them moping about in Cathedral cities, sampling the vegetables in the greengrocer's shop, bargaining with the butcher, or carrying home *The Times*, which they have obtained on the hire system at the rate of one penny per hour. These remarks apply to the un-invalided portion of the whilom defenders of our country; the less robust you will usually find at watering-

places such as Bournemouth. It is odd that men who have seen so much of the world in former days should be content to vegetate as they do in after life. Perhaps their minds become narrowed with their incomes, and they go to the other extreme; perhaps, also, this is exemplified at no place more than at Bournemouth. One day I was asked by the doctor attending my wife if I would like the "Bedroom Brigade" to visit her. I at first thought that this was a body of prettily-uniformed trained nurses, but to my surprise I was informed that the Bedroom Brigade of Bournemouth was a number of retired military men who went from house to house to sing hymns at the bedsides of invalids. What I said on hearing this I will not repeat, but I hinted that I might welcome them with my riding-whip in one hand and the garden-hose in the other. The Brigade did *not* storm the castle I tenanted for the winter.

One of the features of Bournemouth is that the tide never ebbs or flows. This we are told; but I only know that when I have ridden any distance along the sands, I have had to return pretty sharply by the way I came, or

viâ the cliffs, to avoid the incoming waters. But if the sea does not ebb or flow to any great extent, there is a perpetual flood-tide of humanity at the railway station, which is increasing year by year. The railway has done more to make Bournemouth than any enterprise on the part of the powers that be, and I would recommend that the inhabitants should remove the statue of Bradlaugh — much as the memory of that excellent man deserves to be perpetuated, even at Bournemouth—and put up in place of it a statue of the Chairman of the London and South-Western Railway, or the energetic manager, Mr. Charles Scotter, who has done so much to make Bournemouth what it is. The people of Bournemouth may be classed under two heads—doctors and patients; of course, I am writing of Bournemouth as a wintering-place, as it lays claim to be. Not being myself an invalid, but, fortunately, rather of a robust nature, I felt somewhat of an intruder when I wintered there. The great



fault of Bournemouth is that there is no place to go to but church, and nothing to discuss but sermons, or the charms of the latest curate. An antidote has been suggested in the shape of a Winter Garden, in the centre of the town, in which to hold concerts, &c., but my experience of Bournemouth has been that if anything of the sort were provided, the management would have to provide the audiences as well. If it comes to that, perhaps Tussaud will do so. There is a charming Winter Garden at Bournemouth, but, alas! a very good and respectable circus performed there once; religious hands were held up in horror, eyes were uplifted, the sanctity of the place was destroyed, the Garden has been left to rack and ruin. I am rather surprised that the banner of the Salvation Army does not already float from the top.

There is no doubt about it that Bournemouth is extremely prettily situated, and perhaps I may be excused if my description of its natural charms savors somewhat of the familiar phraseology of the guide book. As the visitor passes that beautiful little spot Christchurch, *en route* to Bournemouth, he lets the carriage window down so as to inhale

the fragrant odor of the pine-trees, at the risk of getting a cinder in his eye from the engine, a sniff of the stoker's oil-rag, or the spicy zephyrs from the Bournemouth gas-works. Arriving at his destination, he is politely escorted to the 'bus of the Bath Hotel, and he soon finds himself in a veritable home of luxury and a temple of Art. As he walks through this museum of treasures he halts on his way to his rooms, to renew acquaintance with some celebrated Academy picture by a modern master, whose work now hangs on the walls of the hotel. In his rooms he finds art treasures rich and rare around him, which are soon described to him by his host, who is well known as a traveller, and is not the least ornamental member of the Geographical Society. He must not leave this princely hotel without paying a visit to its Japanese museum, stocked with the rarest of treasures, which Mr. Russell Cotes has collected and brought home with him.

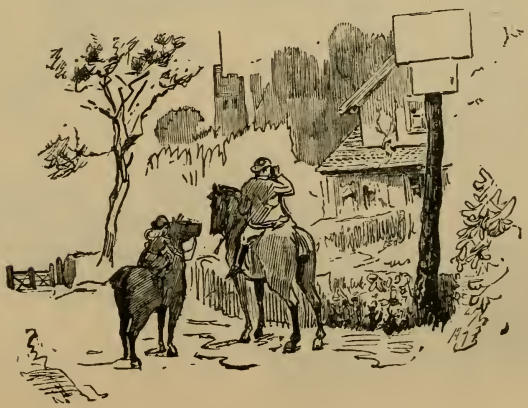
Passing through the spacious gardens, the visitor finds himself on the East Cliff, with the charming valley of the Bourne lying stretched out at his feet. In parenthesis, I may remark that this is suggestive of the

chestnut that the "valet lay smiling before him," for how a valley lies stretched at your feet is a mystery wrapped in the imagination of authors of guide books.

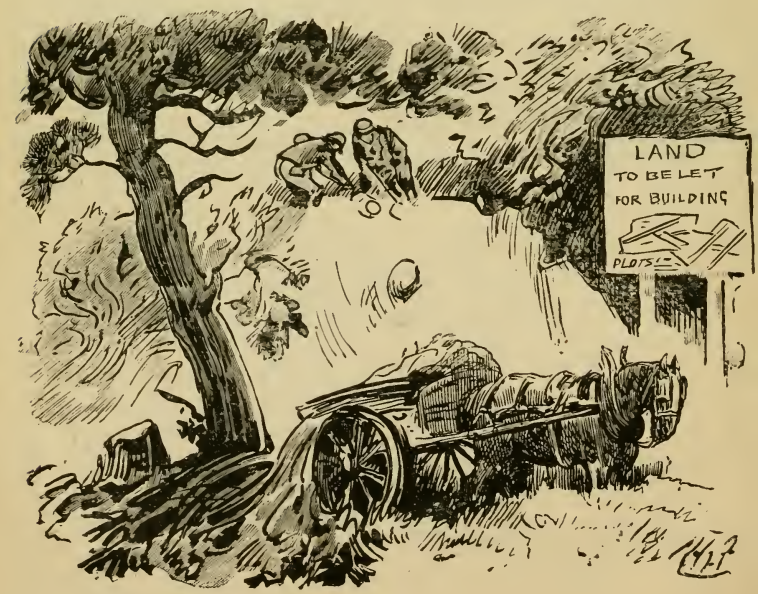
The valley is studded with houses of

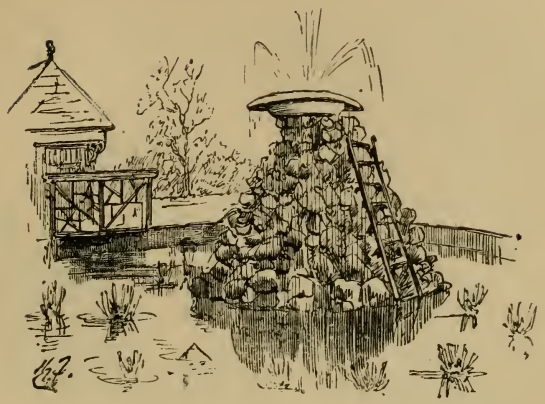
singular artistic beauty, nestling as it were among the foliage of the health-restorative fir-trees, and the silvery Bourne, softly murmuring in its pebbly bed as it meanders on its seaward course, whispers a gentle protest to the stones which bar its progress with their upraised head. Be it recorded, this gentlest and most refined of rivers is swept out regularly

every morning with brooms, as carefully as the rooms in the houses which are dotted along on either side of it. The strains of music lure you to the centre of the town, and here you can spend many an hour in admiring the beauties of the well-stocked and handsomely-appointed establishments, and some days in regretting that Shoolbred or Whiteley have not established his business and his charges in Bournemouth. Perhaps you may be a bit ruffled in spirit after looking at your butcher's or fishmonger's bill, so it is not only artistic but diplomatic of the tradespeople to supply gratuitous music to soothe their customers. Walking through Dean Park, which is like a corner of Hampstead Heath, you leave the cemetery upon your right and strike into



the woods. Should you do so from the East side on horseback, as I have frequently done, you may find that you can halloo till you are hoarse, but you can't get out of the wood, for the proprietor, who is kind enough to open the gate at one end, closes the gate at the other; and if the lodge-keeper happens to have gone shopping, or is having a siesta, you may find yourself an hour or more late for dinner. But then what more can you or your horse want to sustain animation than the life-giving odor of the pines? Bournemouth must not be offended

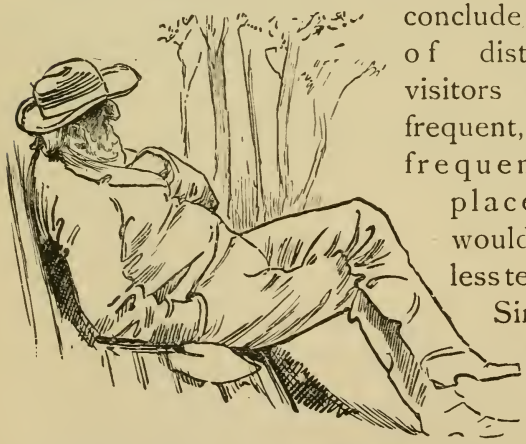




if it is termed a mushroom town, as it is only sixty years old, and is still growing. And it must not kill the goose that lays the golden eggs ; in other words, it must not fell the trees that bring the invalids' money into the town, and it will take some time yet for the visitors to discover that they can buy pine-oil in Oxford Street, which, rubbed on their railings and doorposts, would benefit them just the same. Bournemouth is not altogether artificial. By nature it is prettily situated, and according to medical dicta is a heaven-sent haven for the invalid. But Nature has been aided by Art. Could anything be more beautiful, more artistic, more awe-inspiring than this fountain in the public gardens, which I have sketched on the

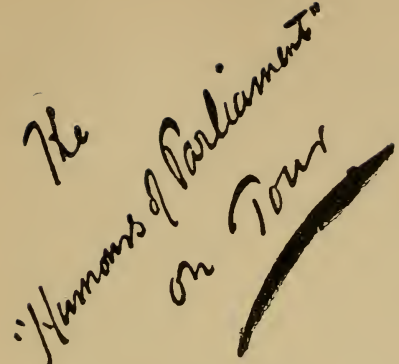
spot? But the name of *the* place in Bournemouth is not altogether a misnomer. I refer to the "Invalids' Walk," where the invalid is sandwiched between the robust, and where the beauty, wealth and fashion most do congregate.

Most guide-book authors would probably conclude with a list of distinguished visitors who do frequent, or have frequented, the place. They would doubtless tell you that Sir William Harcourt comes from his country seat in the New Forest and sits beaming under the Bournemouth firs; and



doubtless they would tell you that Lord Portarlington, the resident notability, is the moving spirit of the place. This is true.

Doubtless they will also tell you something about Bournemouth eulogistic of its moderate charges, its many amusements and attractions, and of its continual round of pleasure and gayety. This is not true.



Bournemouth.

My dear M.,

Arrived in bronchial Bournemouth this afternoon. Rain coming down in torrents, so it is quite appropriate that we should go to the Royal Bath Hotel. It is kept by a genial Scotchman, not of the name of Mackintosh, but Mr. Russell Cotes, F.R.G.S. and C.B. (Commander of the Bath, of course!). This princely hotel is not only gorgeous but comfortable, and Lika Joko felt at home at once among the curiosities in the Japanese Museum; but you will see what I say about it in my article in "Black and White." . . .

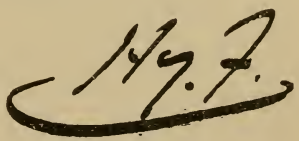
. . . *There was a theatre here once, but the Bournemouth visitors would not enter one, so they did away with the boxes and galleries, and now the building is known as the Town Hall. My experience of Town Halls is that they are almost invariably dreary*

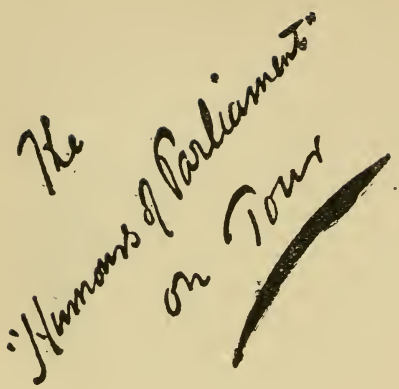
and draughty. I could do nothing with my audience; in fact, the matinée I gave here this afternoon is the only occasion I have made my appearance on the platform amidst dead silence, or, to put it in theatrical phrascology, "without a hand." Not a smile or a laugh could I extract, and I felt that although I had been a success everywhere else, it was impossible to be humorous in such a place and with such an audience. I was told beforehand not to expect much, as my audience could not laugh, only having one lung between three of them; but surely there would have been no danger in indulging in a smile now and then, and when I waxed eloquent, in giving me a hand. No, they were as cold and chilly as the weather itself; and I was beginning to feel that I must sit down myself and turn the whole proceedings into a Quakers' meeting, when a telegram was handed to me from the wings. It came from Mr. John Aird, who knew I was at Bournemouth that day, and was sent from the House of Commons to tell me the sad news of the death of the First Lord of the Treasury, Mr. W. H. Smith. I came forward, and, as the papers said, "in a few touching and eloquent words" broke the sad tidings to my audience. I flatter myself that not one of the countless ministers who pervade Bournemouth could have done it more sincerely or more

touchingly, and when I eulogized the late Leader and gave a short peroration instead of my usual humorous remarks about him, the audience woke up and became quite enthusiastic. It was the style of thing they were accustomed to, and they felt at last there was something to appreciate—they had not altogether wasted their sanctimonious afternoon. . . .

. . . I shall be glad to get away from Bournemouth as soon as possible. I shall have to brave the wrath of the Professor, as the cemetery here is well-stocked, and he won't have half enough time to "do" it thoroughly. . . .

Yours, etc.,





Godalming.

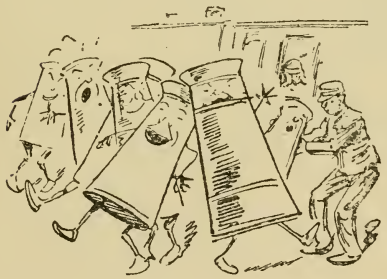
My dear M.,

Just a line to tell you that I pass through town to-morrow on my way north, and am looking forward to having a chat with you during my brief breathing space in the city of cities. I promise you faithfully that I will abstain from all mention of the "Humours of Parliament" or the Professor: I should think you have had enough of them by this time. I feel it my incumbent duty to enliven the monotony of touring every now and then by a practical joke, which I generally perpetrate at the expense of Mac. We have just left an old-fashioned hotel at Lewes, in which the Boots, as well as Mac, has been my victim. On retiring at night, I fished out of my boot-bag one boot out of each pair. There were five different boots altogether, and these I placed carefully

in a row outside my door. In the morning I was awoke by a muttering outside in the passage, and I chuckled to myself at the discomfiture of the Boots. When he had finished his soliloquy and gone his way I opened the door; there were the five boots cleaned,

all in a row. I rung the bell violently and said there must be some mistake, all my boots were odd ones. They were all for the right foot, and I told them I wasn't an owner of a wooden leg. The poor Boots was up a tree—a boot-tree, in fact—and could only scratch his head. Then I opined that it must have been my companion's mischievous humor, and suggested that he, the Boots, should find some means

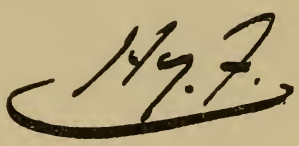
of retaliation; so he selected a pair of my boots which most resembled Mac's, and put them outside his door, while I packed Mac's away in my bag. I walked off to the station as usual, and had really forgotten all about the incident, and the train was just about to start, when I found that the luggage had not turned up. However, it arrived just in time, with Mac limping painfully along by the side, and high up on the hill I could see the Boots convulsed with laughter, and pointing Mac out to an amused group of the hotel servants. I suppose it was the feeling of a second boyhood that prompted me to perpetrate this joke, as I



was on my way to a public school—Charterhouse, to wit—where I gave my entertainment to an excellent and appreciative audience of the boys and their friends. At the time of writing I am returning to town by the last train, which insists upon stopping at every little out-of-the-way station to take in milk-cans. I think there is nothing so irritating in travelling as the clattering and banging of milk-cans. I would rather travel in a

cattle-truck with the beasts themselves than on a train which stops to take in their produce. It annoys me so that I must leave everything till I see you and have a chat with you over a cup of coffee, without milk. As when I am with you the subject of the Professor is tabooed, I may tell you now that he is staying till Monday at Lewes, where he is going to spend a happy Sunday inspecting the jail, and he is going to have the (to him) inestimable treat of sleeping all night in the cell in which the murderer Lefroy spent his last moments.

Yours, etc.,

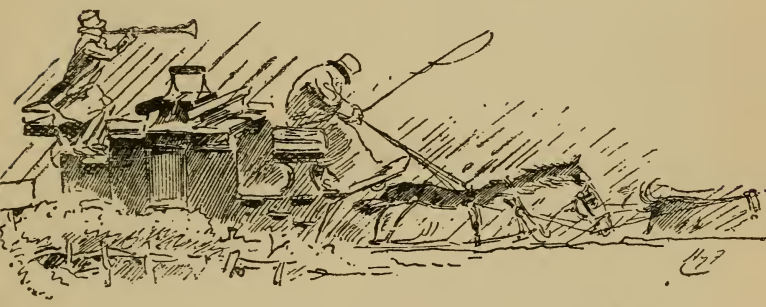


NOTES BY THE WAY, AND A LOOK IN AT RIPON.

The Last Coach of the Season—The Old Style and the New—The Black Country—A Modern Hades—Peaceful Ripon—I Explore the Wrong Hotel—The Wail of the Nine o'Clock Horn—The Facetious Producer thereof—"Old Boots"—"Made in Germany"—German *v.* English Waiters—The Mayor's Procession—"We don't like London."

COMING away from the "Sunny South" in a cold rain and a biting east wind, wrapped in your railway rugs, it is enough to spoil your romantic picturings of the good old days when you peer through the wet window-pane of your comfortable railway carriage and see the last coach of the season, passengerless, cheerlessly winding its way through the muddy lanes, while the melancholy guard is winding his unmusical horn,

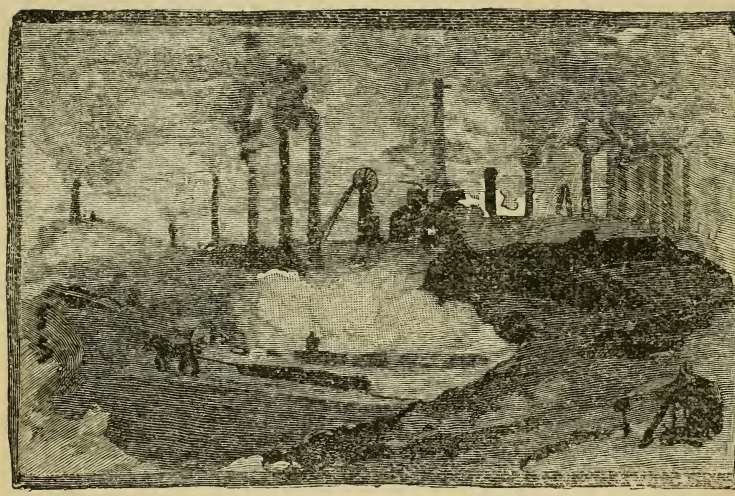
and the weather-beaten driver emits a disdainful grunt as the express rushes by. Probably the old driver's thoughts, when he sees the train swerve as it rattles noisily over the points, turn to the remark which one of his comrades is reported to have made when a railway traveller remarked on the frequency



of coach accidents as compared with railway casualties: "Yes," said the old-fashioned Jehu, "when a coach turns over you are laid nicely on the soft turf, and—*there you are!* but when there is a railway smash, *where are you?*"

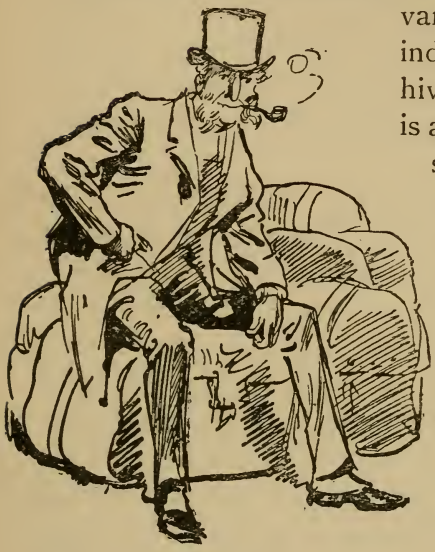
But had we not the iron horse, I suppose we should not have that prosperous, if repulsive and unsightly, district known as the Black Country, which stretches in all its

grimy hideousness on either side of the railway track as our train passes rapidly through the Midlands, with chimneys pouring forth volumes of dense smoke, engines panting, furnaces roaring, hammers clanging, and



myriads of half-clad, smoke-begrimed men toiling incessantly, looking to an unaccustomed eye like a vast army of diabolical fiends, as they pass to and fro in the lurid light of this modern Hades. It is a sight to make a Ruskin shudder, and a capitalist smile.

Having spent some weeks going over the various centres of industry in this beehive of commerce, it is a relief to find oneself stranded in a quiet old Cathedral Town, which has nothing modern about it, where the sound of the coach-horn is



still heard, and the shrill whistle of the locomotive is kept at a distance. Such a spot is Ripon. The commercial gentleman, having found little business doing in such a place, looks gloomy, as, seated on his sample cases at the station, he awaits his train; and

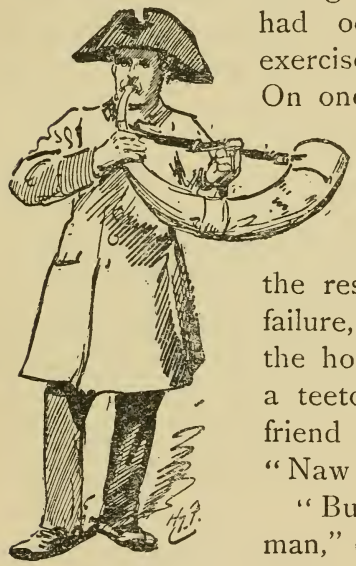
a young lady, in all probability the daughter of one of the clergy who pervade the neighborhood, is about to start for the metropolis, to seek a wider field in which to earn, perhaps, something more than her accustomed bread-and-butter.

Perhaps nothing will demonstrate the apathetic lethargy of Ripon more than an incident which happened to me soon after I arrived. There are two well-known old-fashioned hotels next door but one to each other, either of which would delight the heart of an antiquarian; so much alike that, after a short walk, I returned to my hotel, as I thought, walked upstairs, but couldn't for the life of me find either my sitting-room or my bedroom. There was not a soul to be seen, and silence reigned supreme. I tried every room in the house, rang bells, pocketed silver spoons, broke into the larder, and was just in the act of demolishing a rabbit-pie I found there, when a horrible thought struck me that the proprietor and servants had decamped with my luggage, after drugging my luckless travelling companion. Nervously I approached the huge grandfather's clock in the hall, fully expecting to discover his lifeless body

hidden in its interior, when the Town Crier happened to pass, and I went to the door, thinking I might require his services, and there I discovered I had come into the wrong hotel, so, with a sigh of relief, I entered the right one, having ransacked the other and never met a soul!

I believe these excellent hostelries are crammed in the summer time by tourists, a great number of them Americans, who put up in this picturesque spot, and thence make pilgrimages to Fountain Abbey, Hackfall, Newby Hall, and other places of interest abounding in this neighborhood. The first night I was in Ripon I had hardly finished dinner when I heard a most diabolical sound, long drawn out and thrice repeated, like the mournful wail of an asthmatical fog-horn. In reply to my inquiry as to whence it came, my good host informed me that this was a relic of

the days of the curfew, and that the sound emanated from a horn which was blown in the market-place at nine o'clock every night. The horn-blower was brought in, and, while I was making a sketch of him, amused me by telling me incidents that had occurred during the exercise of his profession. On one occasion a temperance preacher asked to be allowed to blow the horn. He had a try, but the result was a miserable failure, upon which he asked the horn-blower if he were a teetotaller, to which our friend replied emphatically, "Naw!"



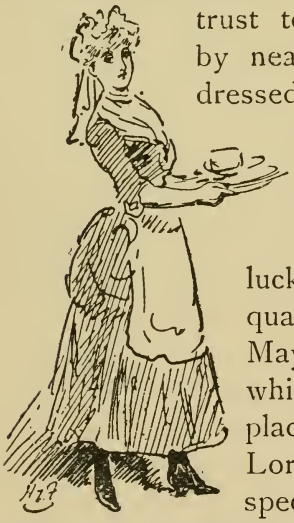
"But then, my good man," continued the orator, "your soul will be condemned to eternal purgatory!"

"Gaw on," said he of the powerful lungs. "What dis Shaakespeare say? Whoy, 'e that drinketh sleepeth, and 'e that sleepeth committeth naw sin."

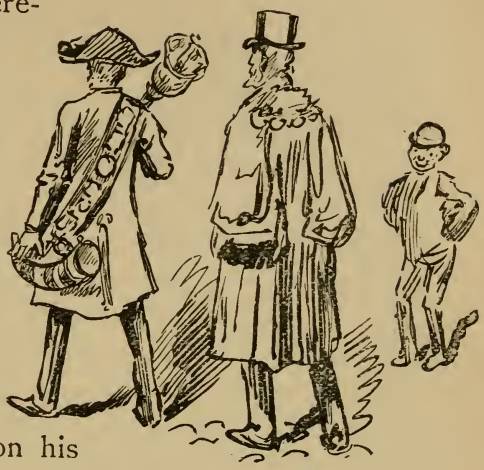
This completely stumped the temperance man, and the horn-blower went on to tell us that later on the preacher was fervently orating on the evils of alcohol outside a public-house, and that all the customers had come out to listen to him. The proprietor, seeing this, put a card in the window with the short and concise notice on it, "Free beer within!" and in an instant the temperance enthusiast found himself vehemently declaiming to airy nothing. "And t' finish was that the temperance man went int' t' pub himself," concludes the worthy performer on the horn.

But how strange it is that in a place where railways are kept at a distance, where the old curfew still is sounded, where everything is typical of slowness, inactivity, and antiquity, where good York ham and fine old English ale gladden the heart and stomach of the traveller, and in an inn, too, that is famous all over the world for the strong personality of its old "Boots," who was one of the curiosities of the last century, that here, even here, you find the —— German waiter. We all object to cheap German importations, from German toys to German beer, but I am not one of those who object to the German waiter. I

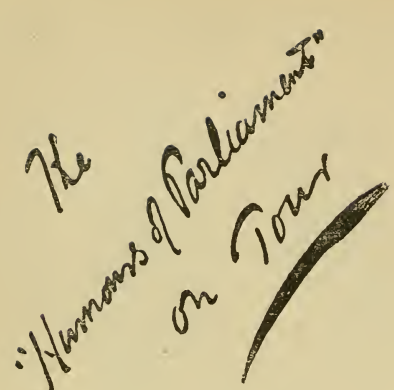
have always found him obliging, quiet, and clean, in strong contrast to his more inattentive and not always polite English *confrère*. This Old Boots that I mentioned "has," to quote the inscription accompanying an old portrait of him in the inn, "by nature and habit, acquired the power of holding a piece of money between his nose and chin." But Old Boots has long since gone, and when the German waiters follow his example, I trust to see their places taken by neat-handed and neatly-dressed Phyllises, such as the one I show in my sketch, but at present this is but an ideal. Before leaving the old place I was lucky enough to witness the quarterly procession of the Mayor to the Cathedral, which I suppose takes the place of our metropolitan Lord Mayor's Show. The spectacle of the Mayor, attended by a few policemen and ordinary-looking gentlemen with fur-trimmed coats, is satisfactory to Ripon, although a contrast to



the London ceremony; and when the function is over the Mayor walks home to his butcher's shop, with the mace-bearer solemnly pacing in front of him, and next day he puts on his striped apron again and "weighs out at 5s. 4d."



As I am leaving on my way to the commercial centres of the North, I see a contrast to the young lady and the commercial gentleman who were there when I arrived, in the back views of two Spaldings waiting for the up train, who probably before long will be saying, "We don't like London."



Ripon.

My dear M.,

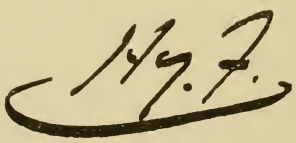
I find that Saturday evenings in large towns, although they are good for theatrical business, are not so for other entertainments; so I generally find myself shelved off to a comparatively small town for those nights, which means being landed there for the Sunday as well; so this explains my writing you now from Ripon. . . . . Until I visited Cathedral towns it was always a mystery to me that a bishop should receive such a large honorarium. The Bishop of Ripon receives £4,200

per annum, and I am not surprised to learn that it is not often he is seen in the place. I would not take three times that amount and live in Ripon, if I had to amuse or instruct the inhabitants, although the country round about is beautiful and suitable enough for a quiet country life. It poured on Sunday, and although we found a little excitement in the morning in watching the grooms from country houses in the neighborhood dash up on horseback to the post-office opposite for the letters; when this subsided all was quiet, and the dismal courtyard-looking square was left in solitude until the time came to make preparations for the great quarterly event—the procession in state of the Mayor to the Cathedral, which I have described in "Black and White," and which caused just about as much excitement and crowd as the sight of a barrister with his wig on in the street in the vicinity of the Law Courts would do in London. In the evening the place was as still as the Arctic Regions until we were startled by the lugubrious wail of the nine o'clock horn; and I really believe that if the Sunday League commenced operations here they would only be supported by the horn-blower, one policeman, and Mary Jane, if it were her Sunday out. It is not so in the "canny toon" of Newcastle, which is our next move. You will recollect my telling you what audiences I had

there on Sunday evenings in the old Tyne Theatre; it was packed from floor to ceiling. . . .

. . . The Professor has a great contempt for the old Boots who used to do duty at this hotel, and whose only qualification to have his name inscribed on the scroll of fame was the fact of his being able to hold a coin between his nose and chin. The Professor had heard of or had known, or knew someone who had heard of or had known, of a waiter who could bite bits off his ears: a man who could stick a knitting-needle through the calf of his leg, and who delighted in converting his arms into pin-cushions; and a Buttons who fairly revelled in sandwiches made out of candle-grease and shoe-blacking, washed down with paraffin oil! . . .

Yours, &c.,



MEMS. ON THE MERSEY.

A Cosmopolitan Spot—Landing Stage Dramas—Playing His First Part—A Busy Watery Highway—The Ferries—Business and Pleasure—Mr. Simpson—A Polar Picture—A Suggestion to Dramatists.

All the world's a stage, truly, but the narrow floating quay on the Mersey is a stage for all the world. Innumerable types of humanity from all parts stand upon it, and the observer could not find a happier hunting ground for the study of his fellow man. The busy man of commerce rubs shoulder with the loafer; the sun-tanned sailor from the Southern seas stands side by side with the intrepid explorer of the Polar regions; the hungry, hunted ne'er-do-weel with eager, longing eyes watches tons of splendid meat being rapidly landed, and as rapidly carted away; while the rich Colonial throws his fragrant Havana languidly away, to be quickly snatched up by the poor dog less fortunate than himself.

There is many a touch of tragedy upon that stage. Talk of free theatres! This is the freest of all! See that good-looking youth

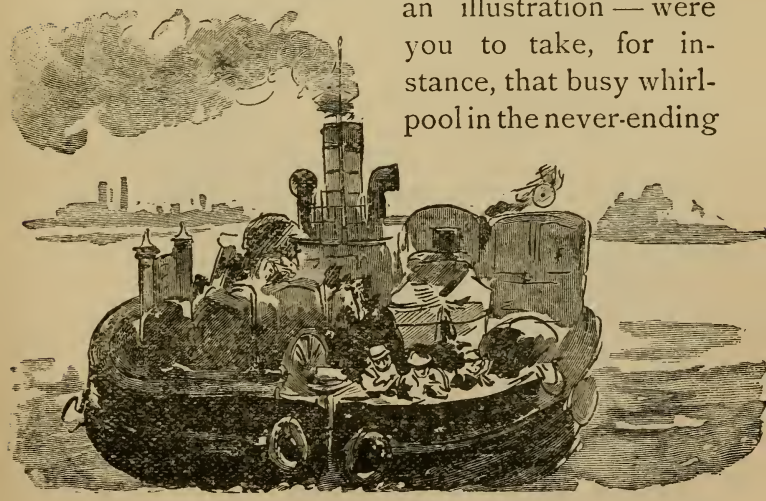
quickly pass to the tender bound for the large ocean steamer, which with steam up is signifying with hoarse whistles its readiness to start; his clothes are neat and new, and his luggage shows little mark of travel; he nervously shows histicket as he steps on to the gangway of the boat; a couple of ordinary-looking men are standing close by; he glances at them; their gaze is firm; he winces; one approaches and hands him a paper; the paddles begin to revolve, and the tender steams off minus one passenger! A couple next attracts your attention—a youth even younger than the last, with nothing of the clerk about him; he is of aristocratic mien, and on his arm has a pretty young lady. He looks determined; she pale and anxious. As they board the next tender his eyes are fixed on the steamer in the distance, while hers are peering nervously around. Their luggage on board, off they go! The nervous tension is relaxed, and with a sigh of heartfelt relief she sinks down upon the seat; he carelessly lights a cigar. They turn round and face the landing-stage as the tug churns its way through the thick water of the muddy Mersey.

Suddenly she starts up and utters a fright-

ened cry, he drops his cigar and mutters a curse between his clenched teeth—a figure has rushed on to the stage. The angry father is quickly in pursuit upon another tug—it is the old, old story; indeed, there is very little new material in this mixture of comedies and tragedies in real life which is day by day enacted on the Liverpool landing-stage, and the bystanders are callous. But late at night and early in the morning may be noticed a youthful actor playing his first part. In all probability he has been mingling with the crowd all day, anxiously waiting to seize the merest chance of escape from the chill poverty and distress of his fatherland to those sunny climes far away across the sea, flowing with milk and honey, Elysian fields which have often passed in ecstatic review through his juvenile brain. Tired out and disappointed, he falls asleep in a corner of the landing-stage, but is awoke from the phantasy of his troubled

dreams by a kindly official, one who has saved many and many a lad from a fatal mistake, and is frustrated in his foolish endeavor. When I write my next article on Liverpool, I will include a sketch both in pen and pencil of this worthy, philanthropic man.

Perhaps no greater contrast could be found to the Twickenham ferry of song than the Liverpool ferry of everyday life. The ferryman of the Thames and his sweetheart would be out of place in this busy liquid highway of commerce. The ferries that ply on the Mersey are a perfect army of watery conveyances. As an illustration — were you to take, for instance, that busy whirlpool in the never-ending



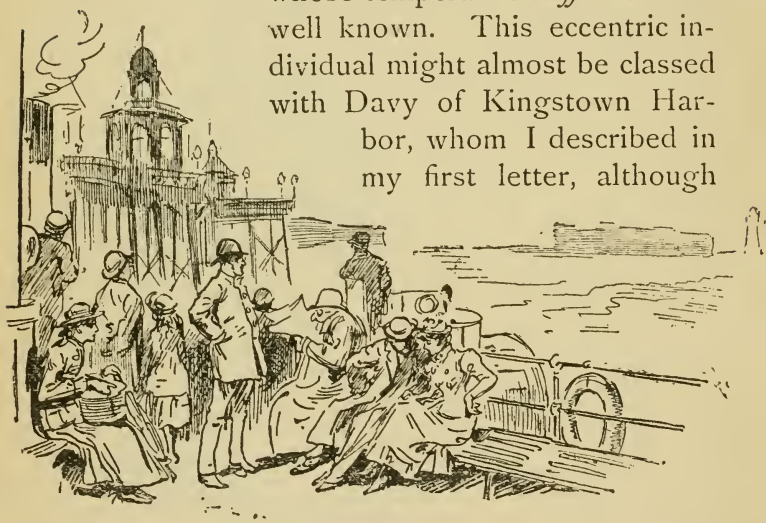
stream of city traffic yclept "The Bank," when there is a block of vehicles, and float it wholesale, that would convey to you some idea of the deck of one of the goods ferries that ply on the Mersey. They are ponderous, ungainly, almost circular craft.

Alongside the stage the solid gangway is let down; and truly it may well be solid, for over it pass brewers' drays, pantechnicon vans, and butchers' carts, which, with hand-carts, bales of goods, and other miscellaneous articles, help to constitute a most varied and nondescript deck cargo. Since the Mersey Tunnel was opened busy men of commerce, to whom time

is money, speed along under the river instead of skimming over its surface; but when time permits and the weather is fine, you may find Cheeryble Brothers chatting over the day's fluctuations in stocks and shares, and discussing the latest market quotations in one corner of the boat; while I made a note of a young lady, a Lancashire lass of the better class, who was evidently seeking an antidote to the close atmosphere of the city in the fresh river breeze. For the sum of sixpence you can get a fair sample of this commodity by taking a return ticket to New Brighton, at the mouth of the river. Looking back at the busy scene you are leaving as your boat ploughs along down the river, it is most curious to note the vast numbers of tugs,

tenders, and ferries importantly puffing their way about the river in all directions—it is a gigantic, ever-changing kaleidoscope, not very much varied in color, it is true, but active in the extreme.

One feature of the landing-stage departed some years ago in the person of Mr. Simpson, whose temperance *buffet* was so well known. This eccentric individual might almost be classed with Davy of Kingstown Harbor, whom I described in my first letter, although

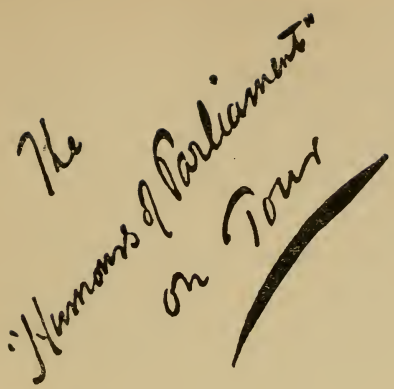


Mr. Simpson was more aristocratic, and had actually run for Parliament. However, he was more at home on the landing-stage, feeding the birds and smoking his cigar, than delivering political harangues upon the platform.

Even the very waters of the Mersey savor of business; there is nothing sluggish about them, and taking their character from the banks from which they roll, they hurry along seaward as if time were precious to them. I remember going down to Liverpool about ten years ago, during that very severe winter, to sketch the effects of the storm of snow and ice, and I shall never forget the extraordinary picture the Mersey then presented. Snow-bound ships, frozen boats, and huge masses of floating ice, canopied over by a dull leaden sky, combined to make up a scene worthy of the Polar regions, and the worthy Mr. Simpson I mentioned before was busier than ever, trying to keep the poor weather-beaten birds alive. In the principal thoroughfare of the town itself stood a roofless house undergoing repairs. Icicles hung from the top of the building down to the ground, from every rafter and every projection; and some enterprising speculator had hit upon the happy idea of allowing the British public to go in at so much a head to view this curiosity of Nature. Paradoxical as it may seem, this show was not a frost.

But, as I said before, the centre of interest on the Mersey is the landing-stage, and I

rather wonder that Mr. Pinero or Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has never taken this stage for his own. They could bring in well-known people of to-day, which seems to be becoming the fashion in present-day drama. The Lyceum company starting for America, surrounded by their friends ; Mr. Terriss jumping into the chill waters of the Mersey to save one more life, in his usual melodramatic fashion ; Mr. Wyndham, ever thirsting for sensation, following the steamer in a canoe, capsizing in mid-stream, and saving himself by means of the patent Criterion safety-belt — which, when collapsed, resembles a German dictionary ; and they must not forget to introduce Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and our old friend Mr. Toole. Of course, several politicians might be brought in, and Major Pond might be chaperoning someone of light and learning to the land of the brave and the free. As for singers, I have more than once met the genial Mr. Edward Lloyd upon the landing-stage ; and if Mr. Pinero or Mr. Jones wants to fill up a corner, I am open to stand there, notebook in hand, to sketch these notabilities.



Liverpool.

My dear M.,

In rummaging among my papers I came across the following, which I intended for publication as an article, and I send it to you to show you what a complete transformation has been effected in six months' time.

"I arrived in one of the largest towns in England for the purpose of giving my entertainment; and declining the hospitality of friends, as I had a great deal of work to do, I engaged rooms at the leading hotel, an establishment as well known to the traveller in the provinces as is Westminster Abbey or the Tower to the cockney born and bred. Everything connected with it was old and crusted, and thoroughly 'English, you know.' The same hall-porter had opened the door to our fathers, and guided them to bed in the small hours of the morning; the same head-chambermaid had heard the strong language with

which they used to relieve their feelings when the button at the back of their collar flew off, and she it was who was requisitioned to sew another on for them. Aye, some of the old port and Château Lafitte still remain in the cellars, and the head-waiter brings it to you in the same wicker cradle wherein he had conveyed many a bottle to your father, and with the same scientific care; but the hand is now enfeebled that pours out the liquid link which connects the past with the present."

As I ran up the steps of the hotel old John opened the door to me, but the welcoming smile with which he was wont to greet me was absent from his countenance, and in place of it he wore an air of deep and unwonted gravity, which betokened something wrong. Immediately following me came a small party of Americans, and in the go-ahead style peculiar to their race they very soon monopolized old John.

"*And how's John—fit, eh? Now, John, fetch down the old lady from the first-floor right quick; I want her to know my wife straight away.* She *knows all about Maggie, I guess!*"

"*Sorry to say she hain't 'ere no more, sir,*" *replies John, sadly.*

"*What? You don't say Mag's joined the majority? I've been lookin' forward to shakin' the old gal by the hand!*"

"*She's joined the majority of the rest of the hotel*

servants, sir," pathetically whispered John. "We're all going—I leave to-night. Place been bought by railway company; clean sweep from top to bottom; furniture all to be sold; and hall of hus goes as well!"

"Well, I'm darned! It's a tarnation shame! I *don't want new faces and new furniture to this hotel; I want the old smiles and old friends! Here's a dollar for you, John, and good luck to you. I reckon we'll go over the way;" and with a sad longing look at the old door, the Yankee departed with his friends.*

I went in.

"Hang it! What in the name of creation's that?"

That *was a considerable quantity of cement and dust which had descended on my head.*

"Werry sorry, sir," came apparently from a pair of feet on a ladder over my head; "I'm removing the old sign."

"And put up a tablet to the old hands," I said, passing on to the office.

I found I was in a hotel that was in process of transformation. I could not go elsewhere, as I had made my appointments and had given the name of the hotel as my address to my numerous correspondents; but I shall never forgive myself for not following the example of the Yankee in taking rooms somewhere else.

"This way, sir; the staircase is under repairs, so we must use the servants' stairs."

I slipped, stumbled, and fell over bricks, piles of mortar, and disjointed doors; and I was just entering the room pointed out to me as mine when I found myself caught by the neck and nearly strangled. My unseen assassin turned out to be one of the bell wires which were hanging down across the threshold. I had to make a perilous journey to my bedroom; but once I was inside it, I found I couldn't get out. The builders had erected a barricade outside the door, and were vigorously banging at the walls, so that my appealing voice was drowned, and I thought that every minute the walls would collapse. I at last managed to crawl out through the ladders, and eventually got to work in my sitting-room. As the evening closed in the place seemed like a haunted hotel. The mysterious noises in the walls and the hollowness of the echoes were trying to one's nerves after a long railway journey, particularly to one engaged on imaginative work. However, I went on undisturbed until a cold something or other tickled me on the top of my head, and then seemed to run all down my spine. Horrorstruck, I started up, when to my relief I found it was a wire which was dangling down from a hole in the ceiling. At that moment the door opened, and a man peeped in and said: "Excuse me, sir, but we're getting the electric light wires in here." I

had received the first shock already. The next morning, while peaceably at work in the same room, in walked a dumpy gentleman in a thick overcoat and muddy boots, followed by another man holding a note-book and pencil in his hand. "An arrest," thought I; "mistaken identity!" Shock No. 2. My fears proved to be groundless, and I was relieved to hear that they were only making an inventory of the contents of the room. The dumpy gentleman in the thick coat and muddy boots measured some of the things, rapped others, pommelled the rest, and sneered at all,

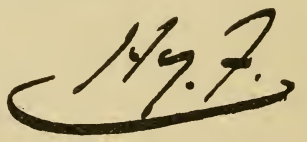
while the other gentleman wrote down the report. I was simply petrified to see that they included my goods and chattels in the inventory; and when the dumpy gentleman in the thick coat and muddy boots cast his eagle eye upon me, I fully expected to hear him say, "One stuffed figure, 5 feet 2½ inches high, well stuffed, little worn on the top of the head, modern design, value trivial!"

"Table d'hôte *was served on the staircase, and we had to use the kitchen as a smoking-room. . . ."*

However, I think this is enough to show you the

topsy-turvydom I was in the midst of. I am writing now from this identical hotel; but when I arrived I received shock No. 3—the transformation was so marvellous and so complete. As everything was dull, gloomy, rough-and-ready looking in the old days, so it is the acme of modern luxury and convenience now—a hotel a Sybarite would feel at home in, and which must be seen to be believed. The vulgar ringing of bells is done away with, and in its stead hangs by every bedstead the latest patent in telephones, the only drawback to which is the fact that you cannot escape from anyone who wants to ring you up, and who is switched on to you from the hotel office; in fact I was woke up at six o'clock this morning to hear the fearful news that there had been a big fire at the docks, and that fourteen men had been burnt alive. Need I say that the Professor was at the other end of the wire? . . .

Ever yours,



"THE GRANITE CITY."

My First and Last Haggis—The Granite—Noises by Day and Night—The Tintinnabulation of the Bells—Festivities in connection therewith—My Banquet—My Host—The Scotch Humorist—"Auld Lang Syne," and the Effects it Produces—"Linked Arms, Long Drawn Out."

I SHOULD like to be a little more personal in this letter "On Tour" than I have been in those preceding the present, and in doing so dwell upon the great hospitality of the Scotch people. Before you cross the border, invitations and letters of welcome reach you in shoals from all sides; but unfortunately the chief object of my tour, that of entertaining the public, prevents my allowing myself to be enter-

tained by them, except upon rare occasions. I had not been in Edinburgh many hours before I was introduced to my first haggis, but, alas! my English palate had not been educated to appreciate a dish so savory; indeed, to be frank, I relished it as little as a teetotaller would have done the whiskey which, in obedience to the Scotch mandates appertaining to the haggis, must immediately follow it. Business men threw down their office pens, and, arming themselves with their favorite golf-clubs, they escorted me to the links; in fact, all seem to vie with each other in showering hospitality and kindness upon the stranger.

The furthermost point I reached was Aberdeen, "The Granite City," the sketch of which accompanying this article was made from the window of my apartment in the hotel, in which room I was unfortunately confined, as a visitation for being in the fashion as far as contracting a bad cold is concerned. The "Granite City" is well named, for it looks as if the well-proportioned buildings had been hewn out of one solid mass of stone. To complete the picture, the masons were hard at work remodelling the street; and long

lorries would pass my window at intervals, each freighted with a heavy load of granite. To be shut up in an hotel on a damp day is hardly what one would select as the acme of enjoyment, and your pleasure is not greatly increased when your view is that of a railway, with its shrieking and whistling, and shunting and grunting, and puffing and blowing, always depressing, no matter whether you happen to be in the Granite City of the North, the busy midland centres, or the great metropolis itself. But the noises in the day time were nothing to those at night. Oh, those bells! those bells! When one lives in a town for any time, one gets accustomed to the local midnight peals, and it is well known that the townsman who goes to the country cannot sleep at first because he misses the nocturnal melodies which were wont to smite his ear; but the traveller, passing rapidly from one town to another, does not get a chance of becoming acquainted with the various terrors of midnight bell-ringing in store for him.

At Aberdeen I had retired to the warmth of my sitting-room to nurse my cold, as soon as I returned from my nightly exertions on the platform, when I heard the first specimen of

the chimes with which I had to contend during the still watches of the night. I was about to write a treatise on the evils of bell-ringing, when from the floor below arose strange sounds of Gaelic music, singing, and jingling of glasses. On inquiry I was informed that the festivities were in honor of the Belgian bellringers. The waiter seemed very much surprised that this information did not at once convey to me all the explanation necessary, but by dint of further questioning I elicited the facts of the case. It appears that some bells the Aberdonians had purchased from Belgium did not meet with their unanimous approval. Their most expert bellringers were powerless to produce the proper tones, so the Aberdonians had two Belgian bellringers across to see what they could do with them. They executed fantasias on them with ease; but even then the townspeople were not convinced that the bells were sound. However, whatever the ultimate upshot of it all was I don't know, but I *do* know that these sounds of revelry by night which proceeded from the floor underneath mine were the result of a banquet given to these gentlemen on their departure.

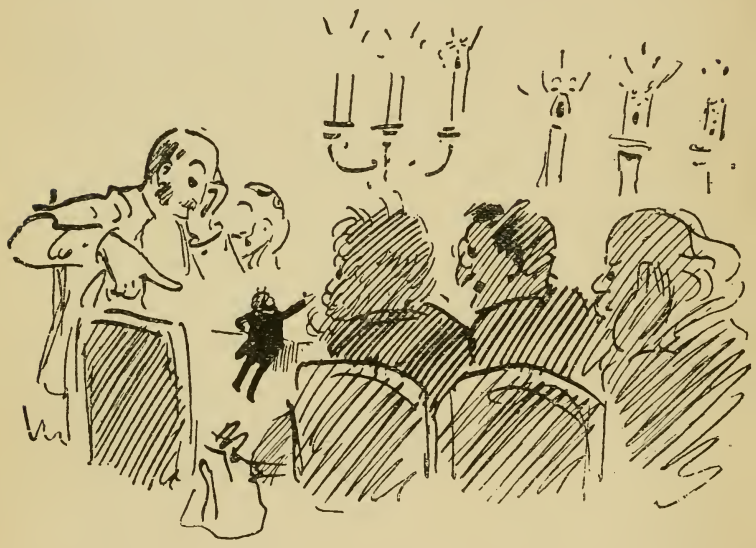
I had no opportunity of sallying forth in search of the necessary "copy" wherewith to fill my allotted weekly space, so I must leave the granite of the city alone, and limit myself to dealing with the hospitality of the people.

I was particularly honored in this city of the far North by a banquet given to me by the members of the Pen and Pencil Club. Now we have every week in the illustrated papers banquets of this character described and sketched from the special artist's point of view, who illustrates the event as he would a scene in a new play; but as the actor sees very differently, and feels very differently, from the audience, so do the banqueters view the event from a different standpoint to the *banquetee;*

at least, this is what has always struck me in my rather varied experience of this sort of thing. It was particularly interesting to me to be received in truly Scotch fashion, and my sketches are framed partly on what I actually experienced and partly on what I dreamt after the banquet. The noble chieftain, the chairman of the evening, who received me, had an overawing effect, being as he was of large proportions and clad in his national costume, which was an agreeable change from the conventional dinner dress.

The after-dinner routine differed from that of most other gatherings of a similar nature, interspersed as it was with singing and recitations; and although no doubt the Scotch humorist was excruciatingly funny, yet the guest of the evening was not happy, for he knew that the time was drawing near when he would have to interrupt the

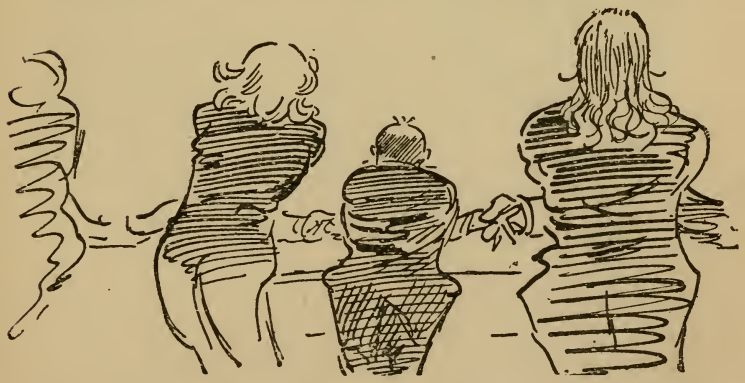
harmony with his more or less musical voice upraised in speech, and the climax of his discomfort was reached when the chairman rapped the table, rose to his legs, and, in



eulogistic words, ascribed to the guest manifold virtues which he had been hitherto unaware that he possessed, and proceeded to read the poetic outpourings of an Aberdonian Tennyson; after which followed more songs and recitations. No banquet, supper, dinner, or any festivity on this side of

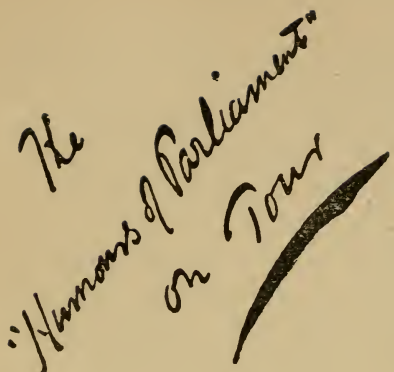
the Tweed would be complete unless it was brought to a conclusion by the singing of

"Auld Lang Syne"; and for one rather broad in proportion to his height, it is rather a difficult matter to make his arms stretch



across his chest so as he can grasp his neighbors' hands. My first experience of this

ordeal was at a banquet given to Mr. Henry Irving in Glasgow, where it must have been ludicrous in the extreme to see me linked between the tall form of Mr. Irving and the burly figure of Colonel Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill." I am quite positive no artist could do justice to the feelings of one unaccustomed to the limb-stretching proceeding, and my dream of the after-effects was something like the sketch I give you here, "Linked arms, long drawn out!" However, I am delighted in spirit and none the worse in the flesh for my most pleasant sojourn in the home of hospitality, the "Land o' Cakes."



Aberdeen.

My dear M.,

I advise you to eschew all marmalade for some time to come, as I have just left Dundee in the terrible clutches of la grippe. *It is a perfect plague; and if you want to be "up to snuff" while travelling in these infected districts, my advice is, take it. Snuff taking is a horrible and atrocious habit no doubt, but a celebrated medical man proved to me that it is the greatest enemy to the influenza; and I am glad to say that with the aid of this prescription we have sneezed at eucalyptus and quinine, and have safely braved the dangers which beset the home of marmalade. There is a perfect panic in the town, which is fatal to all entertainments. Just fancy, Paderewski was advised not to go there to fulfil his engagement, as no one would venture out to hear him, so he went to St. Andrew's instead. His hair would*

have stood on end more than ever if he had ventured, as I did, into "Bonny Dundee," which for the time being is a perfect hospital; in fact one of the papers advised people to go to my show in ambulances if they were unable to get there any other way.

I have got such a wretched cold that I did not feel at all equal to the compliment paid me by the worthy Aberdonians, who to-night gave a banquet in my honor. It was a great success, but I wasn't. It has always been my custom to speak extempore; but a few nights ago I was sitting next to Irving at a banquet given to him in Glasgow, and I noticed that, with his usual artistic finish and tact, he read his speech, and delivered it in that graceful way peculiarly his own, so I thought that I would imitate him as far as reading my speech went; but I shall never do so again, as I felt constrained, and not at all at home as I usually do. But don't you think it was enough to unnerve anyone, having to reply after such flattering verses as the following had been recited, particularly after giving my entertainment two nights running on the top of a severe cold?—

" *My fellow-sinners, we are met to-night*
To honor one—a bright and shining light—
Known through the universe as one who wields
A clever pencil in the comic fields ;
One who portrays, with hand both deft and swift,
' The Humours of Parliament '—a gift,
No matter where we look or where we turn, is
The gift of none but genial Harry Furniss.

" *Some think the Sketchist's duty of to-day*
Is beer and skittles, with a lot of play,
And that cartoons and comic sketches are
Flashed off precisely like a shooting star;
That comic sketchists daily they hob-nob
With fun, imagining that such a job
The happiest's that's found below the sun,
When 'tis in truth a melancholy one.

" *To sketch cartoons within a given time,*
To blend the funny with the grand sublime,
To place our statesmen in all forms and shapes,
As jockeys, lions, elephants, and apes,
And still to make their countenances true,
Is not a very easy thing to do;
To tackle the ideas of another,
Perhaps be called upon to slate a brother ;

" *To sketch one's friends in every situation*
Is not the most delightful occupation ;
But genius does accomplish such an end—
That genius is, I think, our guest and friend.
Though aye in ' Punch,' he doesn't ' toady ' to
Great Britain's lights, but gives each one his ' dew,'
And with our statesmen weekly plays ' old Harry,'
But of all insults is ' chary—very ! '

"And even when he limns the great Greek scholar,
He draws, but raises not, old Gladstone's 'choler!'
To beard the British Lion's bad, of course,
But 'bearding' Randy is a trifle worse!
Still this is done by 'Punch's' deft own hand,
Creating laughter all throughout the land;
As people gaze upon his figures, marry,
They bless the name of 'Parliamentary Harry'!"

. . . As a matter of fact, it was that awful Professor who was the cause of my cold. Going over the

Tay Bridge in the train, I just peeped out of the window to see the scene of the memorable accident; the Professor was leaning out of the window of another compartment, and all the way across the bridge he kept me at the window, gesticulating to me and shouting out a graphic description of the frightful disaster, most of the revolting details of which, thank goodness, were lost in the roar of the train. . . .

Yours, &c.,

H. F.

MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF "MODERN ATHENS."

A Beautiful City—Statuary "de trop"—Sir Walter Scott's Monument — Prince Albert's Statue — The Castle — Billings' Barracks—The One o'Clock Gun and its Effect—Dinnertime for Thomas McAtkins—Young Edinburgh—I View the City under Unfavorable Conditions.

FAIR Edinburgh, familiarly termed "the Modern Athens," no doubt shows to greater advantage through being in such close proximity to her busy, commercial, overgrown sister, Glasgow. I am glad to say that I have not been disappointed in two beautiful cities, whose charms have been eulogized again and again, both by the pen of the poet and the pencil of the artist. Venice I found as Turner had painted her, and Edinburgh as beautiful as imagination could portray; but as a set scene, to use a theatrical phrase, I must say that it occurred to me that Edinburgh is rather too profusely ornamented with monuments and statuary; in fact a humorous writer might well be excused for comparing it to a gigantic cemetery; but this illusion is soon dispelled, for

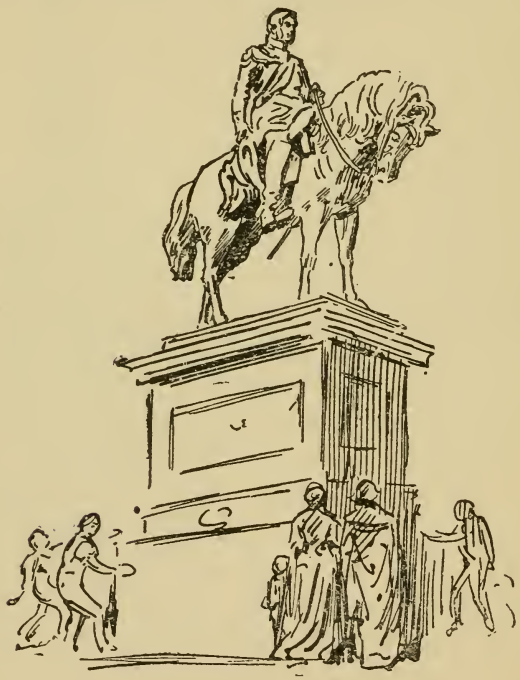
Edinburgh, both as regards the place and the people, is brightness itself. Naturally enough, as an artist I was attracted by this exhibition of multitudinous statues and monuments. *The*

monument, of course, is that of the great Sir Walter Scott, standing opposite St. David Street. It is 200 feet high, the details are borrowed from Melrose Abbey, and built from a design by Mr. George Kemp; it has been

braving the elements in this spot since 1840-4. But, then, I have not much sympathy with the over-elaboration of the stonemason. I think that, particularly in the case of a genius like Sir Walter, a monument of a less orthodox description might be erected to his memory.

One tribute to the dead that struck me more than any other is in the forest of Fontainbleau. It is to the memory of Millet and his friend Rosseau, and consists of two beautifully-wrought medallions, beaten into the surface of a huge, rugged rock, in the centre of the country so dear to both these men. In Edinburgh there is a statue which seems to have been erected in protest against the prevailing conventionality. It is to the

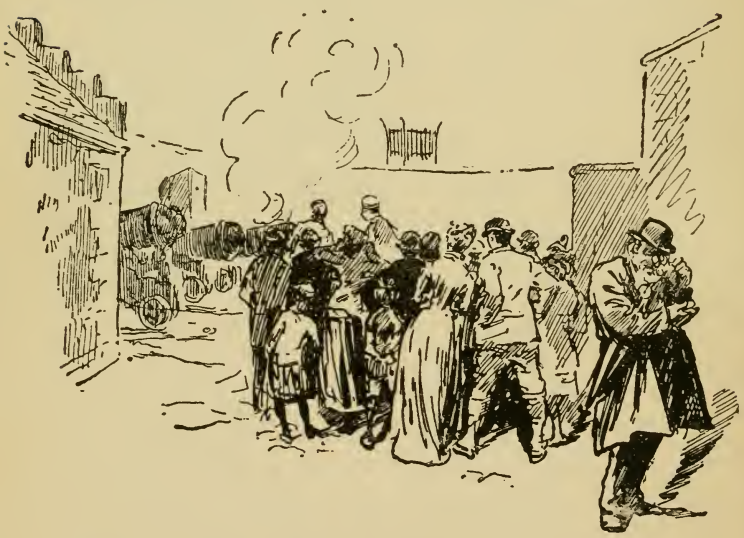
memory of Prince Albert. Poor Prince Albert! Why was he so good, to be so caricatured by his admirers after he had gone? There is a statue in Aberdeen where the poor Prince is collapsed on a chair, evidently overpowered by his ponderous jack-boots. In Edinburgh the Prince



is seated on his horse, an animal of inquisitive nature, for it is trying to peer down over the

top of the pedestal at some figures whose faces are turned toward the base. I admit I hadn't time to find out who these people were, but I was very much struck by a middle-aged gentleman in his robes, standing quietly by, a lady who is pulling at a bell she has already broken, a little child who is running away with the bell-rope; while the other figures, representing sailors, working men, and others, seem rather disappointed at not being able to find any pegs to hang their wreaths upon. But this is hypercritical. Of course, very few statues can bear being scrutinized from all points of view without presenting some ridiculous feature or other; and it is just the same with the impressive structures. The Castle, which, to quote the guide book, "crowns a precipitous greenstone rock rising to an altitude of 445 feet above sea level," is as familiar to the

Scotch as the dome of St. Paul's is to the Southron. A good many people have endeavored from time to time to add to its beauties, but it was reserved for one Billings (good old Billings!) to erect barracks of a similar description to those usually found in toy boxes of Teutonic manufacture. Could not someone improve upon Billings? Perched on the summit of the Castle, I was meditating upon this point, when suddenly I was knocked



off my perch by the terrific report of a cannon. The clock struck one, and I ran down, Mac-

Dickory, dickory, dock! Having somewhat recovered from this terrible shock, and follow-

ing the example of ninety per cent. of the good people of Edinburgh, having set my watch, I took rest on the second stage and was making a sketch of the battlements I had so quickly

descended, when, to my dismay, I saw a detachment of the kilted warriors of Scotland coming with marvellous rapidity down the precipitous steps. I had been awed and a little unnerved by reading about the imprisonment of the Earl of Argyle and principal Carstairs, and, perhaps, half dreaming of Billings, and I thought that the one o'clock gun had some deadly effect, and that barbaric acts of cannibalism were about to be enacted within the walls of Edinburgh Castle, for each son of Mars bore in his hands a large steaming dish. My fears were allayed, however, when I discovered that this was "Tammas McAtkins'" midday meal.

Some people seem to have an idea that the Scotch are a phlegmatic race. Let me at once undeceive them. Chance brought before me in an authentic and forcible way that the Scotch have a grievance, a grievance which they feel keenly, and which, sooner or later, will be made of national importance; probably Cabinets will be shaken to their foundation, and, perhaps. even a civil war will occur if the matter is not investigated and rectified very soon. It is no less an injustice, not to say an insult, to the Scotch, that in the Royal Arms used in Govern-

ment departments, principally at South Kensington, the Shamrock has ousted the Thistle from its accustomed place. No wonder Unionism is increasing over the border. Why not alter the Royal Arms, and have two lions rampant instead of one?

It would require the pen of the poet and the brush of the painter to fittingly describe the charms of the female portion of the residents of the Caledonian capital. To see the young girls hurrying home from school with free, masculine strides, cheery faces, and flowing

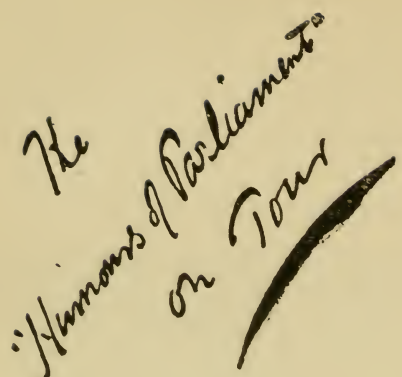
locks, demonstrates clearly to the English observer that the robust blood of the hardy Scottish race is far from losing any of its ancient prestige. Princes Street, the promenade of all Edinburgh, is fairly alive with bevies of pretty girls of all ages and sizes, and on a fine afternoon outrivals Regent Street or the King's Road at Brighton.

It seems a thousand pities that the beauty of the picturesque valley lying parallel to Princes Street should be desecrated by the smoke and the noise of the railway. The inhabitants fought hard to prevent the iron king from storming their town and claiming the charming valley as his own, but I believe that, unless balloon voyages had been practicable, the valley is the only channel for the vast flow of current traffic.

"Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day" is a maxim, the truthfulness of which I now fully appreciate. I was anxious to make a sketch of Princes Street from the valley, but at the time I had selected for this operation I found fair Edinburgh town enveloped in a thick mist which blurred her face all the rest of the time I was there. It is not fair to judge a beauty when you meet

her on a cold winter's day, wrapped in furs, with red and frost-bitten nose, mud-bespattered dress, and hair dishevelled by the wind; it is better to wait till you can see her in becoming summer garb, with sunny

smiles and graces: neither is it right to criticise a town in weather that is wet and misty, so I shall certainly revisit this charming city under more genial atmospheric conditions, when the valley is fresh and verdant, when the trees are clothed in their summer foliage, and the sun shines upon "Modern Athens."



Glasgow.

My dear M.,

When I arrived in this city I went up to the bookstall at the railway station to buy a copy of the "Bailie" and the "Evening News," when a Glasgow friend, whom I had previously met in London, rushed up to me frantically, and cried: "Take mine! take mine!" giving me his newspapers; "but don't buy at that stall; the proprietor of it is the Macdougall of Glasgow, and we buy our papers outside now." And then he went on to tell me of the partial boycotting of this newsvendor for trying to introduce some absurd new (and original) Police Act, in which some of the clauses were simply ridiculous. If you happen to meet your aunt from the country and shake hands with her in a public thoroughfare, the police have a right to arrest you, and you are liable to nine

months' imprisonment with hard labor. If you accidentally wink at a policeman, he can knock you down, and displace not less than five of your front teeth with his foot or his truncheon. Should you curl your moustache while walking in the public streets, the police are at perfect liberty to arrest you, drag you off to the nearest barber's and have your head and your hirsute adornments shaved at your own expense. If you happen to merely look at a public-house or restaurant, you are to be thrown into the first mud-cart that comes along, and with its contents to be flung into oblivion forever. I make a mental resolution to disguise myself, to only slink about in back streets, and not to attempt to make a single sketch here.

It is rather curious that one is let down into Glasgow as into the shaft of a pit, by a chain which is attached to the front of your train, and which chants sweet monotonous melody to you as you descend the in-

cline, giving you a sample of the noise which never leaves you as long as you remain in the busy city of the North.

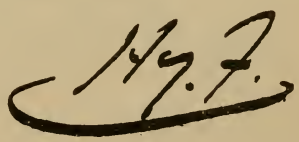
What's in a name? Everything, if it happens to be the name of a hotel. You know, it is my custom always to walk to the hotel we are going to stay at, leaving Mac to follow on in a cab with the luggage. The hotel we were booked to stay at was certainly one of the best known in Glasgow, and was situated in a most prominent position. I had the name of it carefully written down on a piece of paper, so that there should be no mistake: but after asking half-a-dozen policemen, a dozen shopkeepers, and a score of the most intelligent-looking of the passers-by, and finding they all shook their heads, I began to fear that I should never find either Mac or my rooms; so I hailed a cab and told the driver to go to the Windmill Hotel, where I had engaged rooms. "Aa dinna ken nae hoose ca'd the Windmill at a'," was all he said. I was almost giving up my search in despair when to my delight I saw a cab dash round a corner in front of me, bearing a pile of luggage which I recognized as my own, with Mac on the box-seat. Now I'm all right, I thought, but the cab was too far away to hail, so I had to chase it; but a stern chase, as everybody knows, is a long one, so I had to travel a considerable

distance at a most unwonted rate of speed before arriving at the hotel in a most exhausted condition; when I found the establishment was not widely known as "The Windmill," which name was comparatively new, but as "Macduff's Hotel," hence my difficulty in finding it. . . .

Here in Glasgow I am reminded of Sheffield, the gloom of the place contrasting with the brightness of the people, judging at least from those of the populace who come to the Queen's Rooms to hear me at night. . . .

. . . I am afraid we shall lose the Professor before we leave here, as the courtly, or as he might be called, the Earl's-Courtly, Buffalo Bill is here with his famous Wild West Show, and the Professor spends all his spare time in the camp, revelling in gruesome tales of Indian warfare, night-attacks, blood-thirsty massacres, etc., and I am dreading that he will turn up to manipulate the lantern some evening attired in the garb of a brave on the warpath. I hardly think it would tend to increase my audiences!

Yours, etc.,



THE QUEEN OF THE SOUTH.

Three to One—Burns Mania—Window-pane Verses—Burns Going to the Dogs—The Two Markets—A Scotch Russian—An Ex-M.P.—Only a Face at the Window—Old Mortality and His Pony—The Observatory Garden.

THE stranger entering Dumfries from the railway station, seeing its narrow and poorly-paved streets, not very enticing-looking shops, and less-enticing hotels, would consider the above heading an utter misnomer, and if first impressions are everything, then one has nothing to say in justification of this regal title; nevertheless this is what the ancient burgh is popularly termed. *Queens of the South* might be better understood; for I am informed that in Dumfries

there are three women to every man, and fine strapping specimens of the Scotch lassie they are too.

Passing up toward the Observatory, it is made evident to you that Dumfries has a distinct artistic character of its own; and when you reach the summit of the town, which is revered as the burial-place of Robert Burns, you can but acknowledge that it is well worthy of its poetic name, and a fitting place to contain the shrine of Scotland's greatest poet. Stratford-on-Avon is not more sacred to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare than is Dumfries to the memory of Burns. You find his portraits in every room, little busts on every mantelpiece, and relics and memorials of him at every turn. Burns, it would seem, had a special *penchant* for writing upon window-panes, and, perhaps, if he had lived in more recent years, some of his sparks of genius would have been scratched on the railway carriage windows, and hero worshippers would have had the extra satisfaction of going and coming to and from Dumfries in a "Burns saloon carriage." In the ante-railway period, when coaching establishments were the temporary home of the

traveller, he inscribed the following verse, which is still shown, upon one of the windows of the King's Arms Hotel in Dumfries :

" Ye men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen ? Give the cause a hearing.
What are your landlord's rent-rolls ? Taxing ledgers.
What premiers, what even monarch's mighty gaugers ?
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men ?
What are they, pray, but spiritual excisemen ? "

He also ornamented two panes in another hostelry with these two effusions :

" O, lovely Polly Stewart,
O, charming Polly Stewart,
There's not a flower that blooms in May
That's half as fair as thou art."

And an altered rendering of a well-known song :

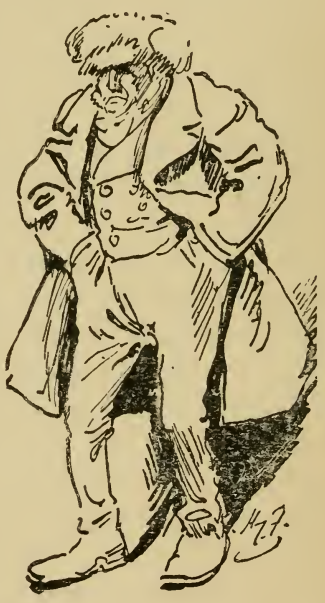
" Gin a body meet a body,
Coming through the grain ;
Gin a body kiss a body,
The thing's a body's ain."

Again I must perforce fall foul of the artistic monstrosities that are erected to great men. Here in the centre of the town of Dumfries the people have erected a statue, which my sketch is sufficient to show is rather

ridiculous. Even if there is any truth in the saying that the great bard of Scotland went to the dogs, it wasn't at all nice of the sculptor to make this fact so plain to the inhabitants of the town where his memory is so revered, as to depict his right foot as being the first part of him to go. The statue is fashioned out of the hardest of Carrara marble; and I am inclined to say of it what a critic said of an artist's work before which he was shuddering: "The worst of it is," he said, "that it is painted in permanent colors!"

At the time I visited Dumfries there were two markets being held—one for cattle and the other for human beings. This latter was a peculiar assemblage of curious-looking rustics, both male and female, who were

being interrogated and bargained for by their prospective employers; and the farmer who had disposed of his cow in one market, only had to proceed to the other to engage his laborers. On the fringe of the crowd I noticed a smart-looking cavalry man. who was evidently doing his utmost to induce some of these toilers of the field to lay down the shovel and take up the sword. Some of the types were as extravagant as any you would find in the West of Ireland. The market is attended by hucksters, cheap delf merchants, broom-sellers, and fish salesmen; and one of these gentlemen, who was crowned with an enormous fur cap, seemed to me to resemble a Russian peasant a great deal more than a canny Scot. Then a woman passed me with a wretched baby



CHAPEL INN

in her arms, and holding her hand and toddling along by her side was a diminutive and ludicrous-looking boy, who, with a hat the size of a tea-tray, resembled nothing more than a large mushroom.

I stepped into a stationer's shop close by to make a small purchase, when a fine old man, aged, hearty, and genteel, came in. "Bless me!" he said; "bless me! It makes me ill to see all this rubbish about. Rubbish, I call it; rubbish! Ah, when I was a boy they had none of this nonsense!"

I turned round to

see what was the cause of this ebullition, which turned out to be a counter thickly littered with Christmas cards. The old gentleman caught my eye, and said:

"Ah! that gentleman is laughing at me; but I am old-fashioned, and can't stand these new-fangled ideas."

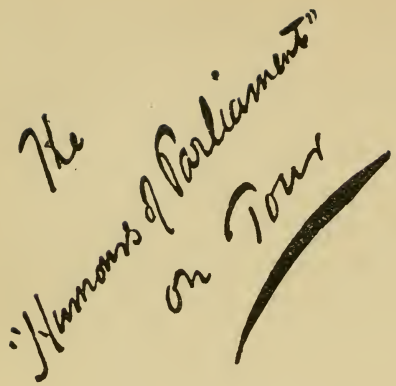
He was an ex-Member of Parliament, and would have made a fine subject for me; so I was furtively feeling for my pencil, when someone told him who I was, so he quickly departed; but I managed to make a hurried sketch of him as he left the shop.

While perambulating the streets of Dumfries, I narrowly eyed each member of the predominating sex to see if they bore any outward and visible reason for their numerical advantage, but I failed to notice anything to account for it until I saw the face I show in my sketch, which luckily was on the inner side of a window pane, and which, I think, must have accounted for the disappearance of a large

proportion of the male population of Dumfries.

My time of departure had nearly arrived when I suddenly discovered that I was about to leave Dumfries without having seen the famous representation of Old Mortality and his pony; so, being a student of Art as well as of Nature, I hired a conveyance, rushed madly through the town, over the bridge, up to Observatory, when, jumping out, I darted up the garden and made the sketch which I show

here, the while my companion was hurriedly "takkin notes" of the curiosities around. Burns termed the miscellaneous collection inside the building a "fouth o' auld knick-knackets," but those outside are rather too cumbersome to be classed under this head, consisting mainly as they do of a pile in one corner of the garden of old stones of all shapes and sizes—round, oblong, semicircular, and triangular, some of them ornamented with primitive designs. These, with an old horse skull, a fountain, a flagstaff, and a cannon, comprise the entire ornamentation of the garden.



Glasgow.

My dear M.,

Since writing you last we have been to Hawick—old-fashioned hotel, old-fashioned hall, old-fashioned audience, and good old-fashioned Scotch weather. Even Booth seems to have a difficulty in manning his citadel; for between the parts of my entertainment we attended a Salvation Army meeting—if looking through a side-door into an adjoining hall can be called attending a meeting—and we saw there half-a-dozen Scotch lasses, two men and a boy, not provided, as might have been expected, with bagpipes, but with instruments of a more vulgar type in vogue in the Army. Profanity—and there is plenty of it at Salvation Army meetings—may shock one when spoken in English, but the Saxon cannot help letting his risibility get the better of him when the said profanity is uttered in strong Gaelic accents. . . .

. . . *Dumfries, where we next stopped, besides suffering from a chronic complaint—I mean the Burns fever—is, like Dundee, victimized by the influenza fiend. This necessitated more snuff, which, by the way, is the worst thing for anyone who has to speak for any time to take, as it affects the throat; but my moderate* quantum snuff—*I mean* suff.—*did not affect me to any great extent, beyond causing me to acquire a sort of incipient Scotch burr, which my audience took as a compliment to them.* . . .

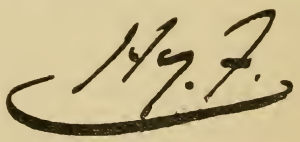
. . . *Our next move was Kilmarnock, and the hotel we stopped at there was the best of the old-fashioned sort we had yet encountered in Scotland. I sent you some of the famous Kilmarnock whiskey from there. A better*

draught is not to be had anywhere, but a worse draught than I was in on the stage can hardly be conceived. It was a small cyclone. Fortunately at either side of

the stage there was an alcove sheltered from the N.E. wind, which came whistling down from the flies. I delivered a part of my entertainment from one alcove, and then turning up my coat collar I would scuttle across to the other and get through another instalment; so that I must have looked like one of these old-fashioned figures in the weather-tellers, which advance and retreat according to the changes in the weather. . . .

. . . We have also been to Paisley and Greenock, winding up at the latter place on Saturday night. The Professor spent his day there at the Courts, and unburdened himself to us of a vivid description of the case of some unfortunate circus performer who had murdered his sweetheart. By the way, I discovered some MS. of the Professor's in cipher the other day. I was beginning to suspect him of being a contributor to the "Jail-bird Gazette," or else that he is going in for a competition in "Startling Bits." . . .

Yours, &c.,



THE TOWN OF THE "TWA BRIGS."

More of the Burns Epidemic—Relics of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny—The Burns Country—"The Auld Brig o' Doon"—The Esplanade—An "Ayr-gun"—The Legend of the "Twa Brigs"—No Romance Nowadays.

THE old town of Ayr, or, as Burns more familiarly describes it,—

> "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
> For honest men and bonnie lasses,"

is associated with two things, sport and song. In the summer time, pilgrim worshippers of the immortal Burns overrun the historic place; the lightly-clad Yankee tourist, that most enthusiastic devotee of everything that is ancient in the mother country, the Southern cheap tripper, the Midland manufacturer, with an occasional *rara avis* from the Continent, wend their way,

open-pursed and open-mouthed, to visit the birthplace of Robert Burns, and those scenes the immortalization of which have given the poet such a prominent niche in Scotland's temple of fame. For twopence they can stand awe-stricken in "*the* cottage," the hallowed spot where Burns first saw the light, now the sanctum sanctorum of his spiritual existence. In this humble abode everything Burnsian is concentrated. You are surrounded by Burns portraits and manuscripts, and can feast your eyes with the identical, or supposed to be identical, chairs which supported in the Tam o' Shanter Inn the historic forms of Souter Johnny and the redoubtable Tam himself. The shade of this worthy also pervades Alloway Kirk, past which Tam and his gray mare were wending their homeward way when the unwonted illumination drew him to become a witness of the witches' dance, that fearsome orgie which Burns has so powerfully described in verse. The Burns Monument, close to the Kirk, is open for your inspection on payment of the inevitable twopence. Here again there is another strong muster of Burns relics, and if you are smitten very badly with the Burns fever, you can, without any extra disbursement,

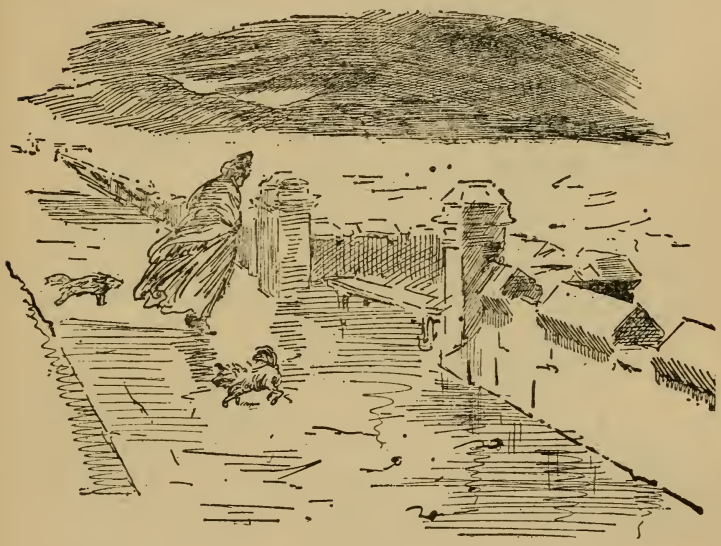
ascend the stairs and gaze enraptured at the surrounding scenery, popularly known, it is hardly necessary to say, as "the Burns country." The "Auld Brig o' Doon," and the stone presentments of Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnny still claim your attention before you return to the town itself, when, if you are a well-regulated tourist, your antiquarian appetite ought to be thoroughly satiated.

In winter "the horn of the hunter is heard on the hill," and over the "twa brigs o' Ayr" pass the huntsmen with their eager-mouthed pack, for Ayr is one of the centres of the

native sportsman, though I was informed that the seductions of the Leicestershire hunts were drawing a good many devotees of the sport away. Ayr is known as the Brighton of Scotland, and I suppose that in the summer season the visitors throng the "twa brigs o' Ayr," and promenade up and down the Esplanade, but at this period of the year the Esplanade is anything but an enticing spot. Instead of having bright, handsome shops facing the sea, the buildings seemed to have turned their backs on the waters of the Firth of Clyde and long vistas of bare, uninteresting walls meet the view, in strong contrast to the watering-places on our South Coast. In the centre stands the prison, grim and forbidding of aspect, with its iron-barred windows, and encircled by a high wall. On the other side of this is Wellington Square, in which stand the statues of two gentlemen of note, the late Earl of Eglinton and General Neil, who was killed at the relief of Lucknow.

I made my visit during the recent storms, and with tightly buttoned ulster and hat firmly jammed down on my head, I braved the elements and took a walk along, or more correctly speaking, was blown along, the sea

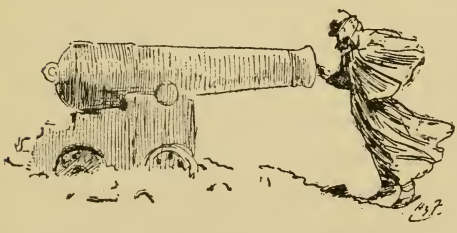
front. Crack! crack! crack! like a fusillade of toy-pistols, went the seaweed with which the parade was thickly strewn, under my feet. I thought at first that I was the only living



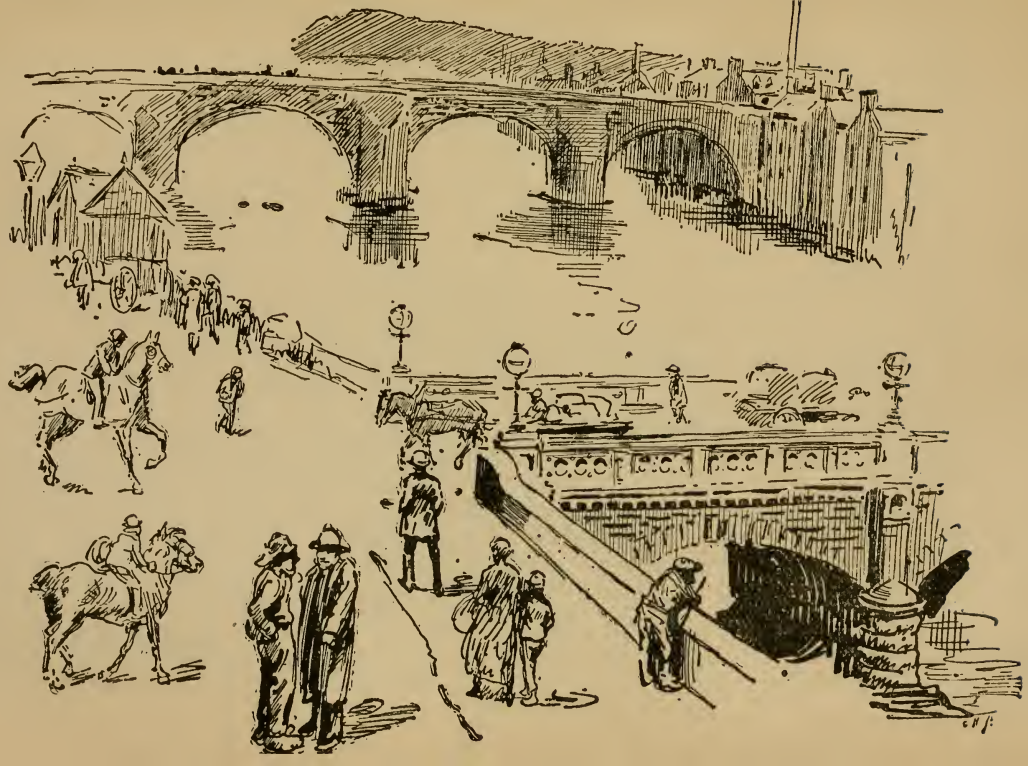
being on the Esplanade on this inclement morning, but at last I met one native, a robust lady, taking her constitutional and battling with the wind; a few dishevelled dogs were being blown off their legs; and at the end toward the harbor were congregated a little knot of hardy-looking, weather-beaten fisher-

men, discussing the thrilling accounts of the numerous recent shipwrecks. Here were two

or three guns of an obsolete type, useless as weapons of offence or defence, and not exactly what might have been termed ornamental; and



I suppose that frequently during the season the Cockney tourist, if that ubiquitous being penetrates so far from his beloved



Metropolis, sees his opportunity for a little joke, and says to one of the sailors, "I suppose this is wot you call an Ayr-gun?"

In my sketch of Ayr I show the "twa brigs" previously referred to, the old and the modern. The old bridge is a picturesque and venerable pile, and there is a romance in every stone. The legend dates back over six hundred years, and the story is neatly told as follows by Mr. William Robertson:

"On the right-hand side—the upper side of the bridge—is a date, 1252, and close by, all that remains of what were once two heads. The disintegrating influence of time and weather have almost obliterated these heads, and it requires a strong effort of the imagination to picture them the presentment of the faces of two fair ladies, who are said to have erected the bridge at their own expense. These ladies were lovers who were not only faithful, but practical. They were betrothed to knights of the olden time. As knights in these days were in the habit of doing, they went forth somewhere to fight. Returning to keep tryst with their sweethearts, they came to the river. It was rolling in torrent—and the river Ayr *can* roll in torrent when the winter rains are

out—but the cavaliers pushed their horses into the flood, and disappeared. The ladies wept: but when they had dried their tears they built the bridge; and it must have been satisfactory to them to feel that they had rendered the courtship of the period less

dangerous in wet weather as a recreation than it had been previously. I am not quite sure about that date, 1252; but this much is certain, that the Old Bridge was there when Columbus set out to look for America."

I stood on the bridge at midday, and thought of these two fair ladies; and I was picturing to myself the scene—which must

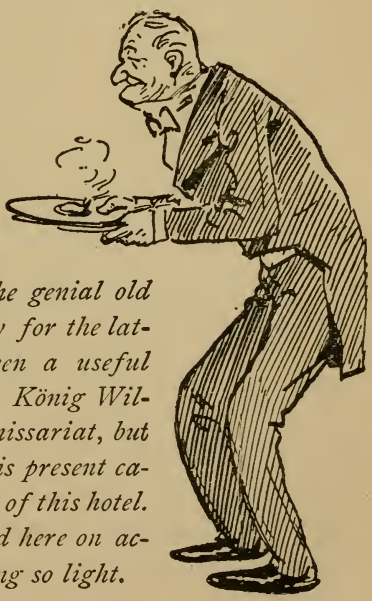
appeal to every artist (shall I say in water-colors ?)—of the poor maids weeping copiously and bitterly, and their two knights being swept away, horses and all, when at that moment two young beauties of Ayr, comfortably wrapped up in their ulsters, walked briskly over the bridge, laughing at a knight of the road on wheels who was feebly endeavoring to struggle over the bridge against a tremendous head wind and rain coming down in torrents. This little incident suggested to me that there is very little romance in these present practical days, even in the charming, quaint, old-fashioned town of Ayr.

The "Humours of Parliament" on Tour

Ayr.

My dear M.,

Please send up a hamper—some portable soup, a lobster or two, and some tinned meat will do—for we are on the verge of starvation; and you might also send up a waiter with them—not a dumb one, but one for active service. The genial old imbecile who does duty for the latter here may have been a useful veteran in the days of König Wilhelm II., in the commissariat, but he is not much use in his present capacity on the first floor of this hotel. I suppose he was placed here on account of the duties being so light.



I have heard of people living on air, but I never expected that I should have to do so in *Ayr. Queer coincidence. It was very lucky the advance booking was large, for there has been a regular storm all the time we have been here. It has nearly blown us out of our room in the hotel; in fact, Mac had to put weights on me when I turned into bed, in case a cyclone took me up the chimney. The same storm must have blown everything out of the larder, for we have experienced the greatest difficulty in getting the wherewithal to satisfy our appetites. Our principal article of diet was a statue of Burns—another one!—on which we feasted our eyes from the hotel window.*

After my show we rushed in as hungry as hunters; but a great deal of bell-ringing was only productive of an attenuated and diminutive bird, which we put down to be a sparrow, but the superannuated individual before mentioned gravely assured us it was a fowl. He seemed quite surprised when, after disposing of this miserable biped in two mouthfuls, we told him that we were still ravenous and wanted something to eat; however, he brought us two poached eggs on toast, from the size of which we firmly believed they must have been laid by the sparrow we had just demolished. They didn't go very far, but all our entreaties and supplications were only rewarded by two more eggs like the previous ones. That sparrow can't have been a very prolific bird!

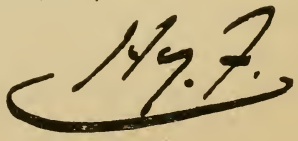
The hurricane that had been raging outside was nothing to that which prevailed in the hotel when I went down to pay my bill; even the barometer on the stairs immediately pointed to "Very Stormy" when it saw me coming.

The hotel was first rate as far as upholstery and fittings went, but you can't live on a Turkey carpet and a hydraulic lift. . . . . I had been looking forward to having some golf on the famous Prestwich links near here, but the Clerk of the Weather was evidently not in favor of the arrangement, and put his veto on it. I had a game a week or so ago on the links at Troon, which adjoin those of Prestwich; but on that occasion I travelled down from Glasgow. Even then there was a perfect hurricane of wind, which blew the tee into the air before you could strike the ball off it, and frequently my hat had a race in mid-

air with my golf ball. I am anticipating with pleasure a return visit to this quaint old town, and I hope the elements will permit of my seeing more of it, as this time there is too much wind even for the aërial performance of paying a flying visit to Ayr, the country of hunting and golf. . . .

. . . On one of the twa brigs we encountered the Professor, who, regardless of the inclement weather, had come to gloat over the scene of the legend of the two knights and the two fair ladies. We said to him: "We suppose you are thinking that the rocks up against which the two knights were dashed by the stream were sharper in those days than they are now?" He shook his head as he replied: "No, I don't think much of that legend; those girls ought certainly to have thrown themselves in after their lovers!" and with a profound sigh at the incompleteness of the story, he bent his head to the gale and walked away. The howling wind and the blinding rain combined to give the Professor an even more gruesome aspect than usual, enveloped in an enormous mackintosh as he was—a mackintosh which would, as he said himself, "make a splendid shroud for any average-sized man!" . . .

Yours, etc.,



COTTONOPOLIS.

Old Mancunium—Smoke and Shekels—Musical Manchester—Oh! those Lorries!—A Typical Picture of the City—More Statues—One that was left of them.

Those artistically inclined, who visited the exhibition in Manchester five years ago, and strolled through the representation of Old Manchester, must have felt sorry indeed that a transformation had ever been effected in the appearance of the town, for the Manchester of to-day is hardly the most picturesque of cities. Of course, as in Old London, which was represented previously in the Exhibition at Kensington, all the tit-bits of the picturesque past were collected together, and formed into one charming street. In the old days one would have had to look through a great deal of crude ugliness to find the artistic, so to-day it may be possible to trudge through the wet, foggy, dull, uninteresting miles of Manchester and pick out a nook and corner here and there, which, blended together, would make an agreeable whole, but to complete the harmony we would want an agreeable atmosphere.

Whatever the Manchester of the bygone days may have been, it surely could be seen; nowadays, even that is not always possible. During a stay in Manchester you have a much better opportunity of forming a close acquaintance with the interior of the Manchester four-wheeler, or the inside of your umbrella, than the exteriors of the public buildings.

Although trees may not grow in Cottonopolis, fortunes do, and it is in the knowledge of this fact that its inhabitants live, move, and have their being. As for the proverbial wet weather, that is nobody's fault; that the much-abused clerk of the weather is a Manchester man, or has any particular spite against the city, is a question which has not yet been decided. The smoke is the cause of the prevailing dulness, and as smoke is (or perhaps I should say, is at present) inseparably connected with trade, probably brighter weather, if it did by any chance arrive, might not be altogether acceptable to the Manchester man of commerce.

In spite of this, Manchester prides itself on being artistic, musical, and theatrical. No doubt no finer collection of pictures has been got together than that in the exhibition a few years ago; Hallé's concerts are unsurpassed,

and the Shakesperian revivals were the best produced plays of the day. My experience of Manchester has been rather too limited to judge of these things for myself, but I have heard it said that appreciation of the three arts is the work of three men; that but for Mr. Agnew no art to speak of would have existed; that Sir Charles Hallé's personality has gained for the city its musical reputation, and that Mr. Charles Calvert supplied the theatrical culture single-handed. That is all

very well. The populace may be devoid of rare artistic feeling, but they have a commercial one which prompts them to spend their money, without which art could not flourish. Manchester, like London, may be paved with

gold, but why have it paved at all? Why not have gold replaced with smooth, noiseless wood and asphalt? Then might the weary travellers rest in the arms of Morpheus undisturbed. Oh, those lorries! a bed in Cheapside would be Paradise to the hurly-burly of stone-paved Manchester.

My sketch at the head of this article is typical of Manchester. The imposing exterior of the fine Town Hall can only be seen in silhouette, and the busy populace, on business bent, flit about like shadows in the mist; but, after all, the noise and din of commerce is the sweetest of music to the mercantile ear, which hears the chink of gold through the rattle of heavily-laden wagons. In the foreground is

the daughter of a wealthy merchant, interesting herself in the poor sister of the slums; this makes a pretty little scene, and is true to Nature, for wealth and misery are ever side by side.

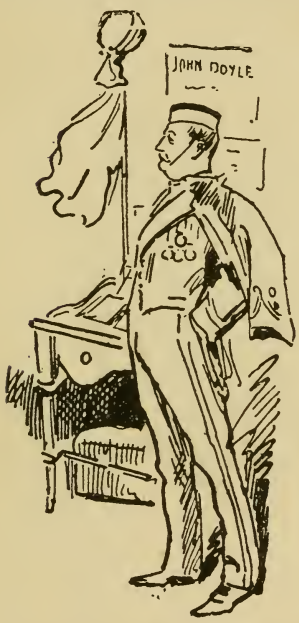
In this square stands the statue of John Bright. The great orator of Parliament is turning his back upon the late Bishop, and I was singularly struck by the fact that the poor sculptor has great difficulties to contend with. The Bishop in his gaiters is all right, but just look at Mr. Bright's back, and you will find he looks like a clumsy amateur conjurer about to perform some trick with an egg and a handkerchief. It is a pity, for the face and front

view of the statue are particularly good. Bright might have been shown in Quaker gaiters or ministerial garb.

Not a hundred yards from the square, down a side street, I made a sketch of some girls waiting at a stage door to be engaged. What a change from the dull streets and workshops to the halls of dazzling delight!

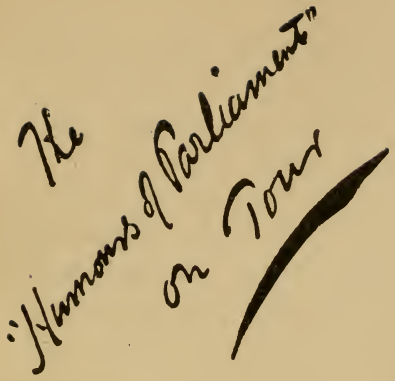
To what base uses do we come! Here in

the centre of the town was a Crimean hero, standing dressed in the famed and revered uniform of the Light Brigade, offering his pictures and an account of his daring deeds.



An old washing-stand serves as a counter on which to place his photos, and I noticed that the poor fellow had, either by accident or design, selected a spot near the statue of the great Wellington on which to take his stand.

As in all big cities, the streets of Cotton-opolis abound in side-lights and character, to describe one hundredth part of which, seen even by the casual visitor, would require a volume in itself; but at some other time I will give my impressions of Manchester more fully, and more worthy of the great city.



Manchester.

My dear M.,

A little novelty in hotels at last! We were waited upon by neat-handed Phyllises in our hotel at Preston; and this fact, combined with the general appearance of the establishment, suggests a convalescent home rather than a hotel, surrounded as it is by grounds, and the long covered passage, which leads right down from the hotel entrance down to the railway station, bears out this idea, particularly as the place was most scrupulously clean and well ordered. I had a packed audience; in fact, I couldn't have expected to see the hall any better filled if my theme had been football in lieu of politics. Back to Cottonopolis next day, as in the evening I had to fulfil an engagement at Stretford. I seem to have taken a lease of the York Room in the Queen's Hotel here, so many

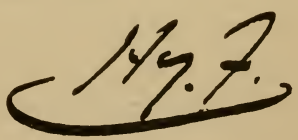
times during my tour have I put up in Manchester. The lift has just taken down the "Two Macs," Maclure and Maclean, and brought up my friend Agnew; in fact, one friend after another invades me, all full of excitement over the Manchester School Board elections and the symptoms of the approaching Parliamentary contest. It is a good thing there is no junction in the lift; for party feeling is running high, and the different shades of political opinion might cause an amusing contretemps *invaluable to the farcical comedy now so much in vogue. . . .*

. . . But really I thought last night that some dreadful faction fight had occurred, for in the early hours of the morning I was awoke by what I thought was heavy cannonading, which continued with indescribable aggressiveness. Gatling guns were going off, explosions were taking place every second. In my sleepy state of semi-consciousness, I put this down to either a fierce battle or an unusually protracted firework display; but when it had continued for some time I got frantic and rang the bell violently, when in answer to my furious peals a sleepy domestic informed me that they were "only putting new boilers in the kitchen." Only, indeed! I think they might have taken the votes of their patrons in the hotel as to whether they would rather have their nerves shat-

tered when they ought to be asleep, or take their meals outside the hotel on the following day. I know which way my vote would have gone. . . .

. . . We are now off to Darwen—the last night of the tour, after sixteen weeks of unbroken engagements. Luckily, this last is an engagement, as the house is sure to be full of paper; for my show comes among a series of entertainments given by Mr. Huntington, the great papermaker, to his townspeople. I wonder if the first lecture given in this series, considering the name of this enterprising town, was on "The Origin of Species"? The Professor thinks it was, and moreover assured us that "The Murder in the Rue Morgue" was first rehearsed at Darwen, and that Jekyll and Hyde came from these parts; but, judging from the hearty, laughter-loving audience I had, I think this must be an invention on the Professor's part. . . .

Yours, etc.,



TRAVELLING IN SCOTLAND.

A Stranger in a Strange Land—Over the Border—My First Glimpse of the "Land o' Cakes"—And my First of Switzerland—Draughty Carriages—Gretna Green—Elopements up to Date—"Caledonia, Stern and Wild"—Giants' Golf Links—"Caller Herrin'!"

I HAD never visited Scotland until I did so this winter. Year after year I have done the "Continong" more or less; I have explored England, Ireland, and Wales, but by some odd chance or other I found myself a stranger in a strange land when I crossed the border a short time ago.

There is a curious fascination in visiting a new country for the first time; the traveller always imagines for the time being that he is a Columbus on a voyage of discovery, and it is quite a disappointment to find nothing particularly worthy of notice in the hitherto unknown land. The moment you cross the border-line you peer out of the window—the grass is the same green, the trees bear the same foliage, and the telegraph poles are of

the same pattern as those you have been passing for hours; yet you imagine that somehow the grass grows more in patches, that the trees are all bent toward the north, and that the telegraph poles are shorter and placed nearer to each other. Are they? I have more than once (to test this) "made believe" I have been travelling in a strange country, and have watched with interest everything I passed, everything I had been in the habit of seeing continually, with a fresh eye. It is really astonishing how many things you notice in this way that strike you as being unique and peculiar. It is very good fun playing a practical joke on yourself in this way, and it also brings home to you the fact that you often imagine you see things that are new which are really not so. Still I declare that as soon as I passed the border, and found myself for the first time in the "Land o' Cakes," my artistic eye was struck by the rich coloring of the landscapes, and I was forcibly reminded of the strong tones of the Scotch pictures I was familiar with. The red soil, the vivid green, and the rich purple background of the mountain scenery was fresh and new to my eye, and there was no deceiving

my ear when at the stations the names were (unintelligible to me) called out as they were in a strong Scotch accent, but the picture as a whole is naturally enough not so strikingly different to the English eye as that presented by a country abroad.

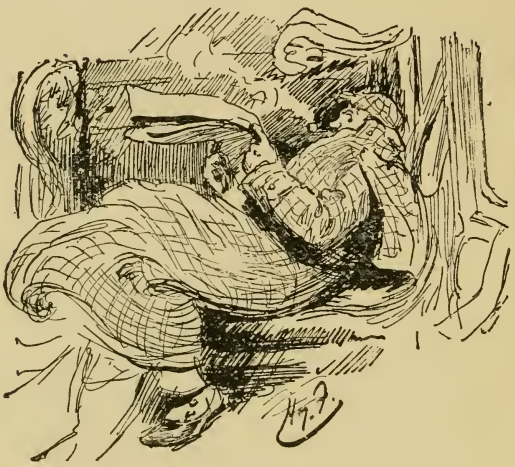
I recollect travelling right through the Continent by express without a change, and, awaking one morning in the train, I looked sleepily out of the window. There was a Swiss scene before me—the chalet covered with snow, the little village and the toy figures standing about, the mountains and the fir-trees. I thought for the moment my travelling companion had put a very indifferent oleograph on the window, and I stretched out my hand to take it down. I had had my first peep at Switzerland, but I doubt if the Swiss scenery can compare with that of Scotland. There is more of Nature and less of the made picture about the rugged Highlands, and it requires the pen of a Black and the brush of a MacWhirter to do justice to it.

I must admit that, although I did not find the Scotch people cold (on the contrary, a warmer-hearted race it has never been my lot to meet), I found the travelling cold enough

in all conscience. Whether it is that the wind is more penetrating, or that the carriages are not so well built as ours, I cannot say, but I

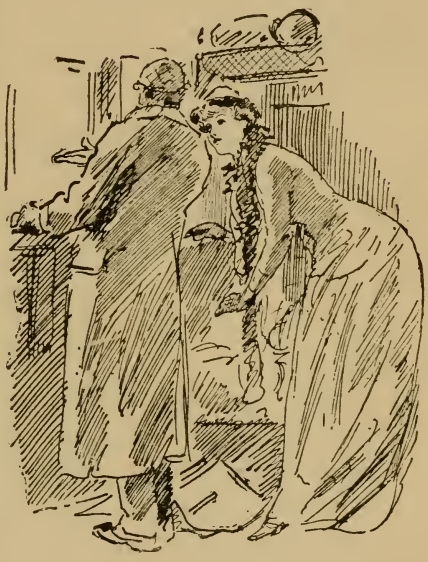
think the latter the more likely explanation. The compartments are leaky, the windows and doors being simply very open ventilating shafts. The result is better shown by a sketch,

so here is my travelling companion literally sketched in the train from life.



Steaming away northward from Carlisle we pass a spot romantic in the extreme and dear to the heart of every daughter of the northern shires. It is Gretna Green. The country is pretty, and its charms are enhanced by glimpses of the beautiful river in the distance. From the carriage window you can see a few houses and the blacksmith's shop, the most romantic spot in this romantic place; perhaps also you may catch a glimpse of the little inn close by, where the marriages

took place, and where the unique register is still to be seen. As your eye takes in the picturesque scene, you can imagine to yourself the runaway couple flying along in a post-chaise, the horses covered with foam and wincing again and again under the whip which is being freely plied by the postilion, eager to reach the goal and claim his promised reward; perhaps also he enters into the spirit of the thing, and excitement is another stimulant. Behind follows the irate parent in hot pursuit. Nowadays, had not the marriage laws of Scotland been altered, the tandem tricycle of these prosaic times would have taken the place of the post-chaise of the past, and the angry father or guardian would have given chase on



a racing safety; or the fleeing couple would have travelled by the Scotch express, and the chaser have chartered a pilot engine on which to follow them. It is well the law was altered before the romance could be destroyed by any such inartistic surroundings.

But the strong feature of Scotland is the wild beauty of its picturesque scenery, and when traversing the length and breadth of the country in the train one panorama after another of varied landscape pleases and gratifies the English eye. In many of the hilly parts the land is unsuited for any purpose but grazing, and it is while the eye is surveying these desolate tracts that the mind realizes the beautiful fitness of the line, "O Caledonia, stern and wild."

As an instance of this, you can travel for miles through the huge estate of the Duke of Buccleuch without seeing any life on the wild, undulating, heather-covered hills, except here and there a grouse or blackcock, which, with a few other birds dear to the heart of the sportsman, and a few scattered sheep, were, as far as I could see, the sole denizens of this vast expanse of hill and dale, though I believe there are a few scattered shepherds' huts con-

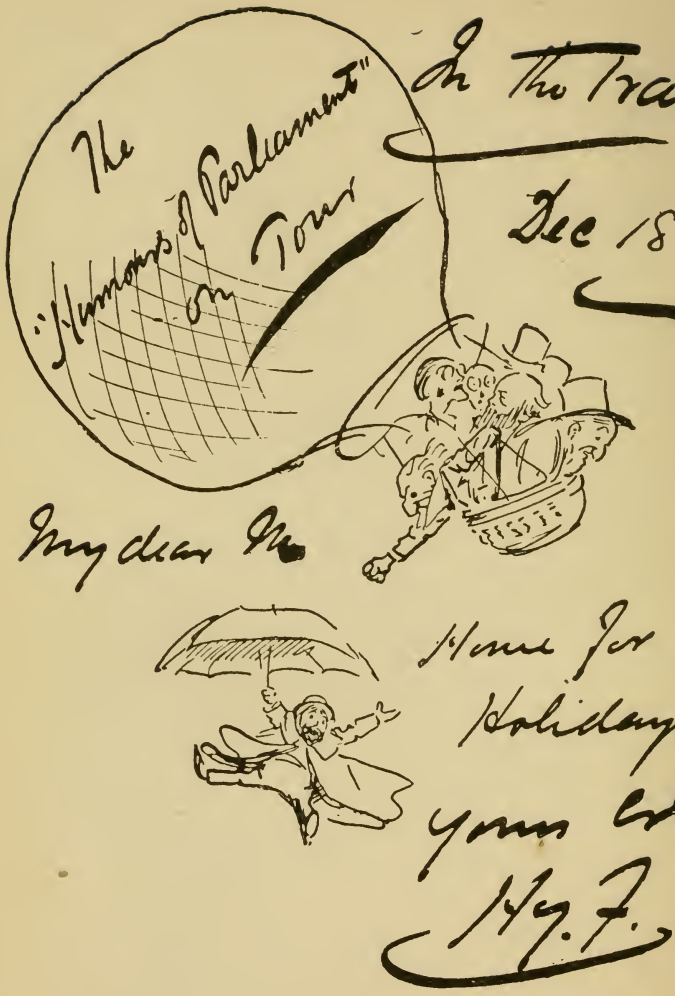
cealed somewhere among the hills. The sole specimen of the human race that I saw in this land of solitude was one of these tenders of sheep. He was seated by the side of a running

brook, the charms of which he ignored as he consoled himself in his solitude by a "wee drap" from a black bottle, which must have been a welcome companion in these dreary wastes.

The stranger is somewhat puzzled by the sight of little circular walled-in enclosures dotted every here and there, and it is said that a facetious native informed an inquisitive English tourist that these hills were the chief Scottish golf-links, and that the enclosures he saw were the "putting-holes." Whether the tourist believed this explanation tradition sayeth not. As a matter of fact, these mysterious enclosures are "bughts," which, being translated, means sheep-pens.

How often one hears the name of Scotland coupled with the word shooting; and yet,

strange to say, during the month or more I spent in Scotland I did not hear the report of a gun until just before I crossed the border homeward-bound, when, as the train was urging on its wild career through lovely Annandale, I caught sight of a shooting-party close by the railway line, of which I had just time to make a hurried sketch before the iron horse had carried me out of eyesight. I add also a note of a buxom Scotch fishwife, ever a welcome sight in the "Land o' Cakes."



THE END.

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